Week ending November 17 1951 Wednesday Fourpence

John Bull

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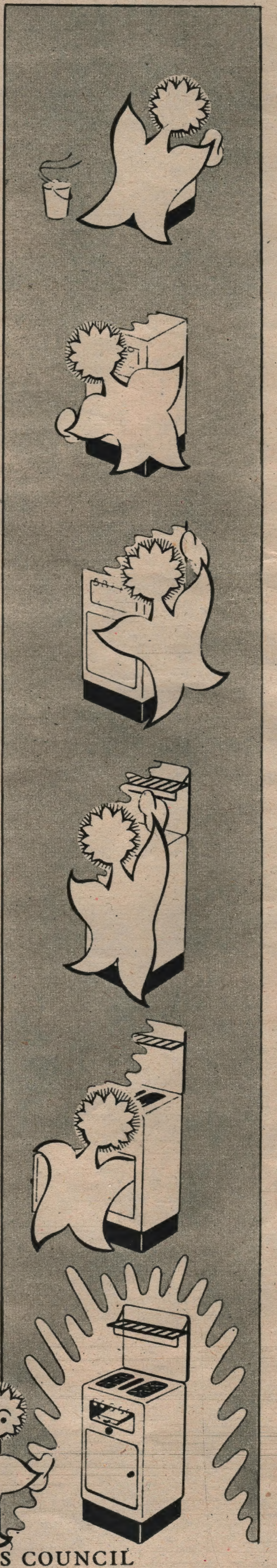
Clean the burners occasionally with a stiff brush. Remove any grease or burnt food from the burner holes with a pipe cleaner or handy hairpin. It's also a good plan to give the grill frets a bath now and again in hot soapy water, which will reduce cooking smells in the kitchen.

THE OVEN. To get the best results with your oven allow it to heat up for 15 minutes before putting in the dish, and always place the tin, or tray, with the longest sides parallel to the burners. Don't overcrowd the oven, but allow plenty of room for the heat to circulate freely.

By the way, a quick wipe over with a damp cloth while the oven is still warm will prove an easier way to shift any grease that may have splashed, rather than leave it until it's baked on really hard.

Take care of your cooker — and use gas wisely — in your own and the Nation's interest.



ISSUED BY THE GAS COUNCIL

EDITORIAL

Firmness and patience are the keys to world peace

THE YEAR is coming to a climax in international affairs. Diplomats and Foreign Ministers hurry hither and thither. The United Nations and the Council of Europe again assail the complicated problems which torment the world. Conferences and committees plan or wrangle in a dozen capitals.

The real aim of all these activities is peace. Just that—peace!

Yet war and near-war seem always to keep one jump ahead of the would-be peacemakers.

Korea starts its second winter of murderous and futile battle, which neither side can ever win yet neither can afford to lose.

Malaya is still a "Green Hell" battlefield where even official spokesmen have given up making optimistic forecasts of quick success.

The Middle East is full of strife, hatred and the germs of worse trouble for all the big nations and alliances. There, too, Russia is plotting and stirring up trouble.

India and Pakistan glare at each other like two dogs over the Kashmir bone. Their political and religious rivalry, springing from ancient hatreds, could be explosive. It could be touched off by an assassination or some other "incident."

And so poisoned are relations between the Communist half of the world and the Western half that neither any longer trusts advances made by the other. Thus the obstacles even to negotiation for a peace settlement are heightened.

IN all this welter of trouble and danger it would be easy to lose heart and slacken effort.

Yet that is just what the peace-loving nations of the West cannot afford to do. On them lies the responsibility for checking Communist aggression and preventing war at one and the same time.

There are three courses before them. One is to pile up arms and use them at the least provocation, assuming that force, in the long run, will have to settle all our problems.

Another is the slippery path of appeasement.

The third, and right, course is to stand up for the Rule of Law among nations. It is difficult; it takes courage; it may sometimes seem to lead us into humiliation.

But our choice is nevertheless clear. On one side the barbarians are waiting and watching our weaknesses for a chance to increase their power and run the world in their own detestable way. On the other side is freedom, with all that it means to each one of us.

To adopt the council of despair and plunge into so-called "preventive war" would of course be suicide. It is advocated only by hysterical people far from any probable battlefront.

But we cannot compromise with evil. The uselessness of "appeasement" was exposed before the last war. Efforts to buy peace by sacrificing essential principles merely emboldened the dictators and led to the betrayal of our friends.

So we must not budge an inch this time. There must be nothing that savours of appeasement of the main antagonist, Soviet Russia, nor even of the little disturbers like Egypt.

Nor should we be wise to rely on lasting results from spectacular gestures.

SUDDEN flights by Prime Ministers and Presidents for heart-to-heart talks in each other's closets may make headlines—but they do not make peace. If Churchill went to Moscow, for example, he might come back knowing Stalin a little better—but still without any lasting peace agreement.

"Top-level" talks followed by glib communiqués only raise public hopes to dash them again. They create cynicism, not peace. They are to diplomacy and statesmanship what the brilliant amateur is to the policemen in a detective story—but international affairs, alas, are not like detective stories.

History on the immense modern scale is made by nations, not by individuals. The days of dramatic personal interventions and romantic forlorn hopes are over.

In our quest for peace there is no substitute for long, patient negotiation, wherever and whenever the opportunity can be made, to explore common ground between the two sides and to try to widen it.

However many times the Molotovs, Gromykos and Maliks say "No," we must remain ready to seek a "Yes." Meanwhile we must inflexibly and unitedly resist aggression wherever it is tried. Unitedly—because the foundation of peace is Anglo-American unity. Keep that firm—and there need never be war.

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NOVEMBER 17, 1951 VOL. 90 No. 2368 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

First things first in the schools

IN MY SCHOOL—quite a good one, and typical of primary schools throughout the country—exercise books are rationed because of the rising cost of paper, out-moded text-books are in use because we cannot afford new ones and we have a film projector and no films. Classes are unwieldy because of shortage of space and teachers, and I am struggling to maintain a reasonable standard of living on a totally inadequate salary.

Now the B.B.C. is experimenting with television for schools and it is expected that we shall set aside classrooms and buy "cheap" sets at a price which would provide hundreds of exercise books. Should we not put first things first?—SCHOOLMASTER, Sussex.

New Town Goes Up

MY WIFE AND I recently enjoyed a short stay in the new town of Harlow, Essex. Our friends there live in a well-designed modern flat, with a balcony, which will have attractive lawns and flower beds front and back. There are different types of houses for varying income groups, including detached houses at £4 4s. a week, and we were amazed to find a skyscraper of nine storeys, built for single people and young couples with no children. We felt that a good job was being done, even to the extent of leaving a fine old church on the site.—W. R. PETCHEY, 140 Westborough Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

Harlow's "skyscraper"

Capable Africans

FOR THE GREATER PART of my life, I lived in Southern Rhodesia, and I was amazed to read D. Harry Bonas's letter ("Free Speech," October 27) giving his reasons for the "colour bar" out there. Only a small minority of the natives have the rosy amenities mentioned by him. And it is untrue to say that the Africans learn nothing. In their hospitals alone, there are some remarkably clever male nurses and quite a few women hold the same qualifications as white nurses. These are not natives with above-the-average intelligence. They are natives given the chance to learn.—MRS. MARGARET VALMAI GREGORY, 76 Franklin Road, Harrogate, Yorks.

Scared Of Dogs

JUST BEFORE his first birthday, my child was lying in his pram when a large, over-friendly collie dog jumped up and scared him badly. A year later, he still screams if a dog approaches, although he is perfectly happy with other animals, has ridden donkeys, stroked rabbits and even entered a hen coop full of fluttering birds quite cheerfully. Is there anything I can do to cure his fear of dogs?—MRS. JOAN WRAY, 17 Highlands Road, Bradmore, Wolverhampton.

A doctor writes: There is no simple solution, but it is quite often possible to overcome the fear in easy stages over many months. Start by getting the child a toy woolly dog and try to arrange that this becomes a favourite possession. Then replace the dog by a real puppy, as like it as possible. It must be a very young puppy. Soon the child learns that the puppy belongs to him, is dependent on him and cannot frighten him. He will go on to divide all other dogs into those that are friends of the puppy and those that the puppy dislikes—collies, Alsatians and other big dogs. Gradually, all dogs are put into reasonable perspective.

White Collar Protest

AS A BANK CLERK'S WIFE, I really must register a protest against the advice given to Sir Ralph Richardson to wear an ill-fitting suit for his part in *Home at Seven* (JOHN BULL, October 6). Admittedly, it is difficult to dress as well as we should like on the pittance doled out to overworked bank staffs in these days. "Shabby," perhaps. But need it be ill-fitting?—MRS. M. J., Lancs.

Tri-lingual Children

HARRY HOPKINS'S DISPATCH from Hongkong (JOHN BULL, July 28) was of great interest to me because for many months I was a teacher at the Chinese school in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Many of the Chinese families used to go over to China for visits. It was quite a scene at the docks when a bevy of almond-eyed youngsters were leaving and more than half of the Chinese colony had come down to see them off. The children in the school were tri-lingual and learned English, Afrikaans and Chinese.—MRS. M. C. ARMSTRONG, Baildon, P.O. Walmer, Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

Harry Hopkins continues his Far East survey on page 20 *with a further report from Malaya.*

Knock-knock

ONE RATHER cheerful sound seems to have vanished from this neighbourhood in recent years. Nowadays, postmen seldom knock, unless they want the door opened. They push the letters silently through the letter-box, sometimes just tucking them in and leaving them suspended. I suppose it saves time, but I'd like to hear the old rat-tat again.—L. S. TAYLOR, 88 Canterbury Grove, London, S.E.27.

The Dam Guarders

YOUR SERIAL OF Paul Brickhill's book, *The Dam Busters,* recalls to me that after Guy Gibson had bombed the Ruhr dams it was thought the Germans might try to bomb ours. My husband was in the Royal Artillery, guarding a big dam called Broomhead, near Sheffield, and after the Ruhr raids Gibson came to Broomhead to demonstrate how he had carried out the bombing, to show the men what to expect if the Germans came. My husband also said that afterwards they had cables strung over the lake, the German defence method described by Brickhill.—MRS. M. E. CLARK, N.E. Cottage, Hazelhurst Sway, Lymington, Hants.

MORE READERS' LETTERS ON PAGE 6

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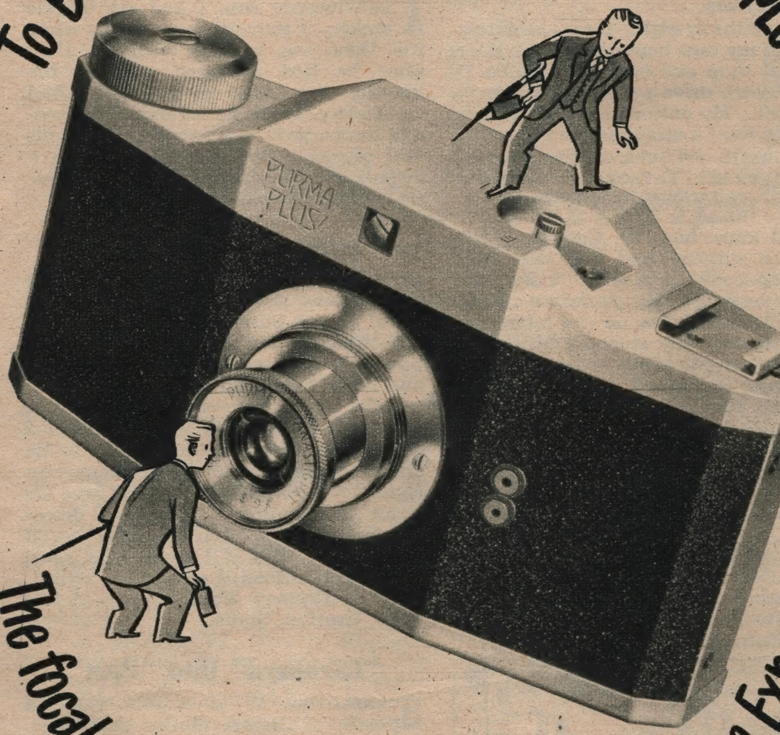

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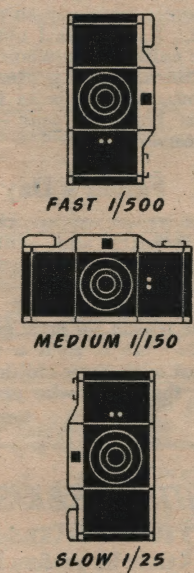

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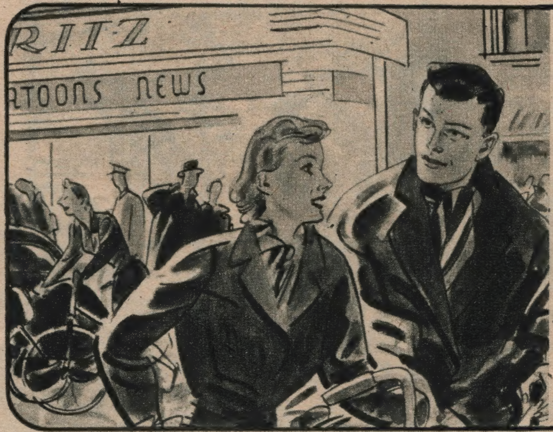
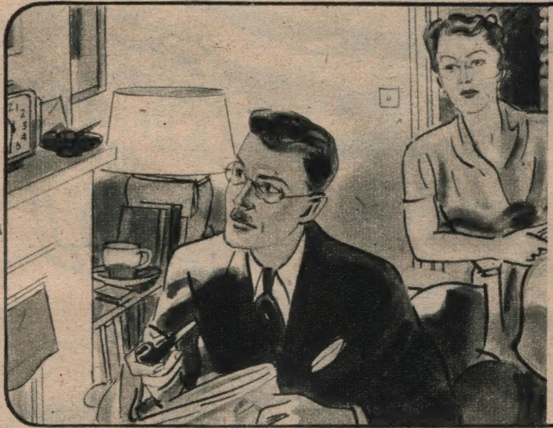
Wendy always stayed out late!



Friday evening—after the last house

Wendy: *" Oh, I don't want to go home just yet—it's too early ! "*

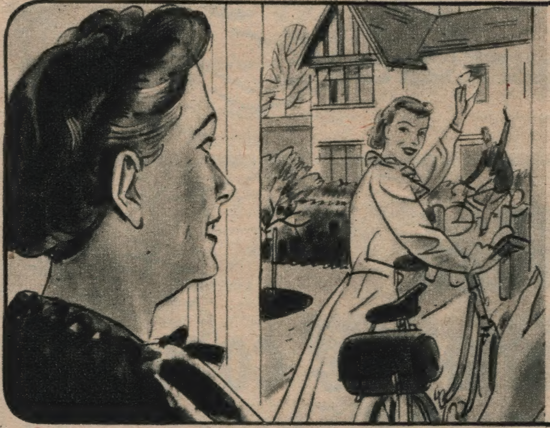
Her Friend John: *" Come on then Wendy—let's all go on somewhere."*



11.30 the same evening—Wendy's home

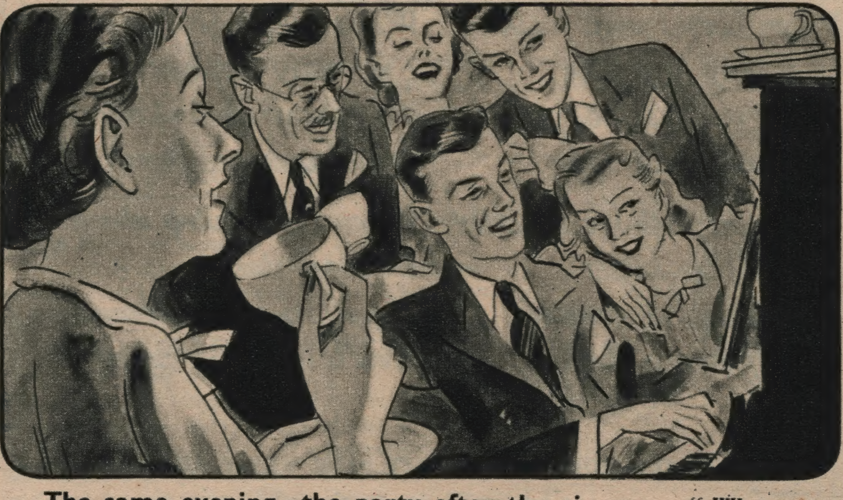
Dad: *" Well I'm not stopping up any longer."*

Mum: *" She's always late these days. We must do something about it, Dad ! "*



After lunch on Saturday

Mum: *" So mind you bring your friends home straight after the cinema ! I'll have a surprise ready for the lot of you ! "*



The same evening—the party after the cinema : *" What a nice party ! Jolly good chocolate, too ! " "It's Cadbury's—real chocolate." " Let's have another tune, Bob ! " " I say Wendy—can we come often ? "*

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After an evening out, there's no drink as welcoming and warming as a cup of Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate. Smooth, frothy, sweet . . . just like the chocolate you can remember from the old days ! And it's very easy to make, too ! (Note to wise housewives : always keep a tin in the store-cupboard !). 1/2½*d.* a ½-pound.

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How the Rum gets into the coconut

When horses must walk
In a play or a talk
I tap, molto lento,
Jamaica means rum

When they ask for a trotter
I step it up hotter
And wish I'd a totter
Real Jamaica Rum

When mustangs must canter
I'm ready instanter
To rap, much andanter,
Jamaica means Rum

When they gallop along
I clatter this song:
If you stick to Jamaica
You'll never go wrong

One bottle goes such a very long way with these Jamaica Rum recipes!

★ Rum and Orange ★ Rum and dash of Angostura ★ Rum and Ginger Ale ★ Rum and Lime ★ Rum toddy, hot, with lemon, sugar and cloves ★ Rum punch, cold — lemon or lime, sugar and water

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It's wonderful what ***JAMAICA RUM*** *will do!*

FREE SPEECH CONTINUED

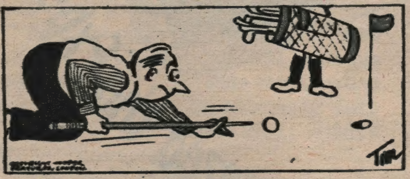
GORDON CUMMINGS'S ARTICLE, "They Cut Out My Lung" (JOHN BULL, October 27) interested me profoundly as I, too, had my right lung removed, due to a rare lung disease called bronchiectasis.

Now, at thirty-eight, I am absolutely fit, do all my own housework, look after my small shop and my two children (I am a widow), drive a car, ride a bicycle and dance. My only regret is that I am unable to wear a strapless evening gown or a sunsuit, because of the scars.—MRS. MARJORIE TAYLOR, 29 Wharton Street, West Hartlepool, Durham.

. . . I know how Mr. Cummings felt when the surgeon told him that only one thing could save him. I had the same experience. My operation meant four and a half hours on the table, my gullet removed, my stomach lifted into my chest, a rib taken away and the right lung collapsed. The amazing thing was that I was only in hospital for twenty days.—H. NEWCOMB, 363 Station Road, Wallsend-on-Tyne.

Ahead Of Tim

TIM'S *Oh, Johnny!* strip is full of ideas, but I was quite a long way in front of him this time. Enclosed is a photograph taken at Moor Park fifteen years ago.—FRED WRIGHT, 17 Elliswick Road, Harpenden, Herts.



Johnny, 1951

Fred, 1936

Record Breaker?

WHAT IS THE AVERAGE age of an ordinary house sparrow? I had always been under the impression that the two-year-olds killed the three-year-olds, but we have a one-legged sparrow who comes regularly to our window to be fed. As soon as I put some crumbs out he calls, and a whole flock of them come down. Each winter we think he'll succumb, but he is as lively as ever. This is his fifth year.—MRS. E. L., Leicestershire.

Father's Day Out

I TOOK THREE of my children to the zoo recently, and, while resting, two cups of tea, some cigarettes and some sweets for the kiddies were given me. Somewhat embarrassed, I asked one girl the reason for such generosity. She replied: "It is such a treat to see a man out with three children." It seems to me that men who never take their children out alone miss a great deal of enjoyment, not to mention their children's confidence.—J. W., Bath.

Who Pays For The Bike?

A FEW WEEKS AGO, I had my bicycle stolen. I thought I was lucky when the thief was quickly caught. But, after he had admitted stealing the bicycle, the frame of which he had completely wrecked, he was conditionally discharged. Admittedly, it was his first offence. But I am now minus a bicycle and the thief is apparently none the worse off.—G. H., Durham.

Thrilling World Of Talk

IT IS HARD FOR ME to understand the reader who wrote that she found the world of talk boring after a hearing aid had brought her back to it ("Free Speech," November 3). I am nineteen and have been deaf all my life. Five months ago I received a hearing aid. The first—to me astounding—sounds I heard were water running into a kettle and the runners on which a curtain slides. Simple things, but they gave me a lot of happiness. I cannot detect speech yet, as I have only just begun to learn it. But if I could hear some talk (even on food) I should be thrilled. —MISS DOREEN CLARKE, 19 Middle Way, Grotton, Staffs.

"Larboard" Into "Port"

HORNBLOWER IS A GRAND YARN—a breath of the sea in this dusty age. Is C. S. Forester right in using the term "port" in this period, instead of "larboard"?—H. JACKSON, 30 Bay View Terrace, Penzance, Cornwall.

. . . It is said that "Wellard did not know a bob stay from a spanker boom." Although I have worked in a shipyard for many years, I must say I don't, either.—F. HEWITT, 73 Surrey Street, South-Bank-on-Tees, Yorks.

. . . Forester made a slip of the pen with his reference to the "second dog watch." In Naval circles, the watch from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. is known as the "last dog watch."—ROWLAND C. SIMONS, 15 Walter Street, Nottingham.

"Larboard" is correct. The change to "port" was not made until 1844. A "bob stay" is a wire rope which holds the bowsprit steady; a "spanker boom" is the boom on which the spanker sail is set. "Last dog watch" is correct.

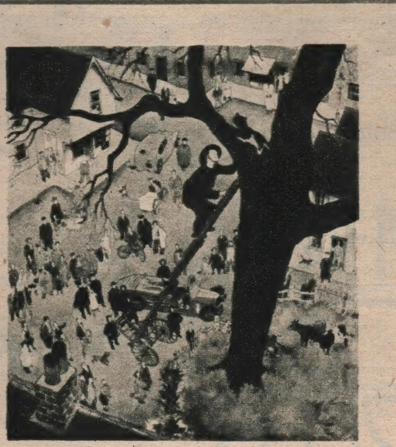
The Writing Sex

DO MEN STOP WRITING LETTERS when they marry? When we were engaged, my husband wrote me thirty pages at a time. Now I have to do all the letter-writing for us both.—M. W., Dublin.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

RICHARD O. ROSE says that he prefers his paintings to tell a story. His cover, "Fireman rescues cat," illustrates a dilemma with which brigades frequently have to cope. One unusual rescue occurred when a cat was trapped on a tree sixty-five feet up. The ground was too soft to take a turntable ladder. So firemen saved the day by knocking off the cat with a jet of water—and catching it in a sheet.



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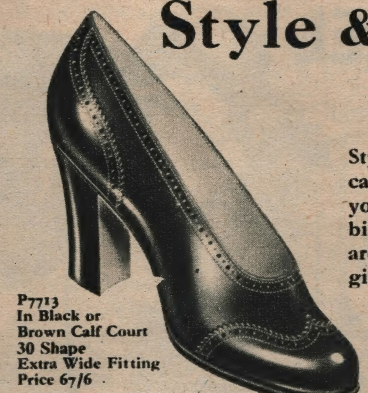

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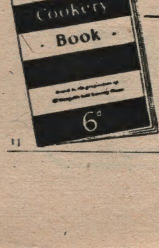
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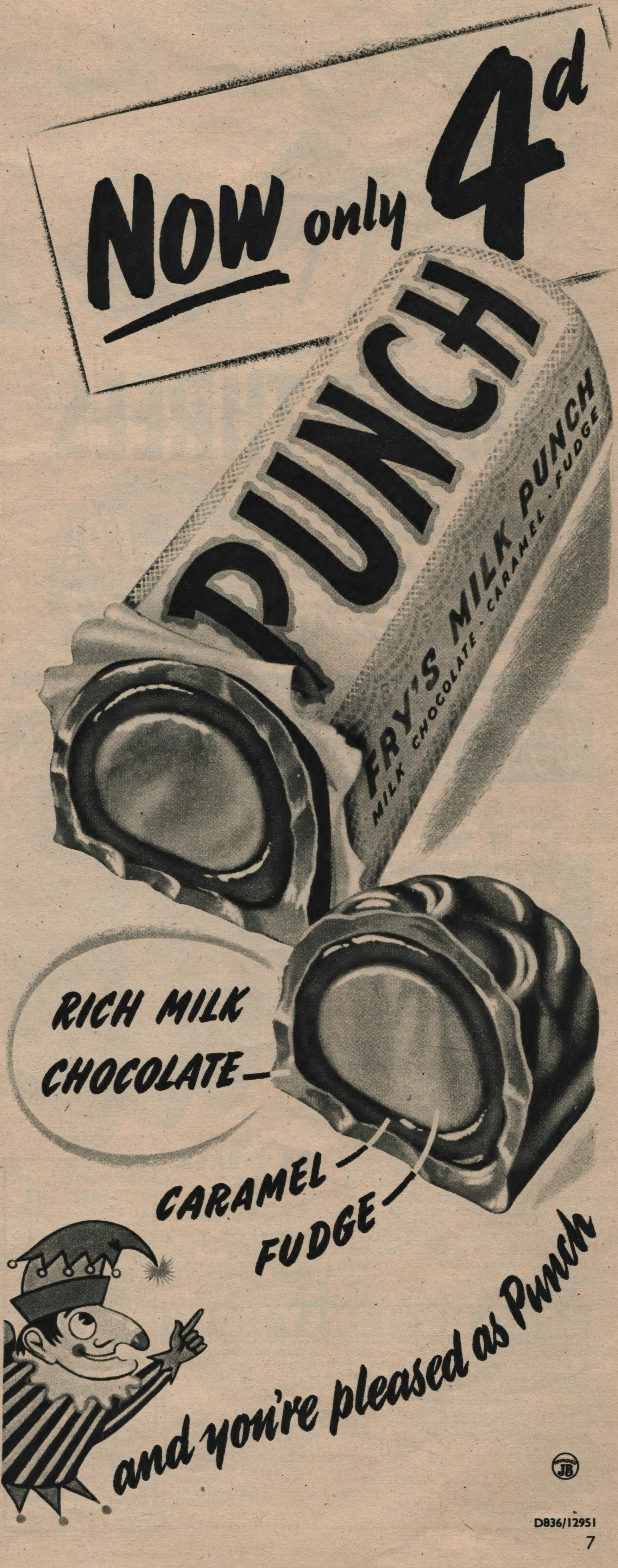
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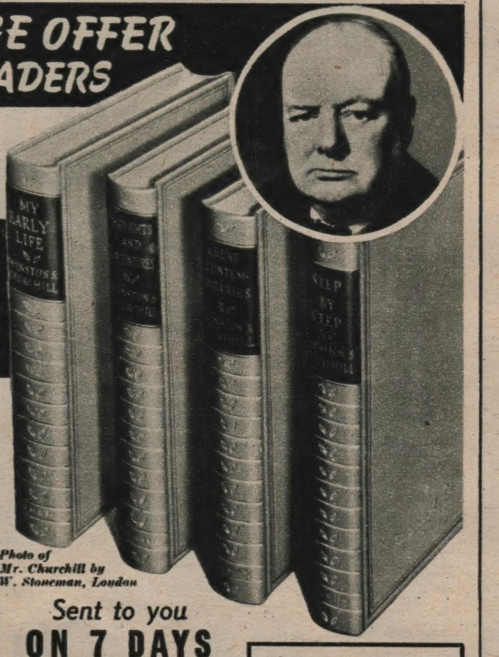

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THE ORSON WELLES THEME

"Harry Lime"... Rita Hayworth's ex-husband... the man who panicked a continent: at thirty-six, Orson Welles remains the enfant terrible he was at six. And he's still unable to do sums

by DAVID CLAYTON

On a slow boat to China in the year 1927, the harder drinking passengers in the main saloon, far from resenting the continued presence of little Orson Welles, pressed him to stay on and talk and entertain them long after the hour when any normal and well-chaperoned twelve-year-old should have been in bed.

Despite his tender years, they accepted him as one of themselves. He could punch home the point of a yarn as well as, or better than, a full-grown man. He knew his Shakespeare, too, and could quote from the Bible by the yard. He could do rattling good conjuring tricks, and although the necessary "props" for sawing a woman in half (part of the magic by which later he wooed and won the lovely Miss Rita Hayworth) were not available on the high seas, the fantastic way he could palm a silver dollar and make it disappear in and out of his pudgy fingers was reckoned by the old China hands present to be as good as anything they had seen Houdini do.

Champagne Charlie Act

Night after night, as the ship sailed on, he held the centre of the stage. When attention flagged, he ordered the Japanese stewards to serve drinks all round. As everyone drank his health, he signed bar chits for the drinks—the custom in most ships that sail east of Suez.

What Orson's father, Richard Head Welles, an inventor with all the obvious unworldliness of men who follow that profession, was doing all this time, nobody seems to know. He was, anyway, in a very poor state of health. Nobody stopped Orson, and he went on from success to success, knocking them cold in the saloon with his combined magic, Shakespeare and Champagne Charlie act until the boat docked and the other passengers, with many a sentimental goodbye, settled their own modest bar accounts, disembarked and scattered.

In due course, Welles Senior, too, called for his account. The Japanese steward bowed low and presented him with a hefty bundle of chits correctly and unmistakably signed in Orson's own fair hand. There was also a carefully

Perfectionist Orson Welles in the St. James's stalls during rehearsal. Tireless, he smiles one moment, scowls the next—moody as *Othello*, the part he is now playing on the London stage

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

itemized account for a terrifying total of gin slings, planters punches, brandies, whiskies, champagne, beers and cigars adding up to £360.

He paid up on the spot ("A very understanding man, my father"), knowing that it was not the slightest use asking Orson to check the details and the totals. He was fully aware that while this prodigious son of his could read *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the age of four, had produced his own Shakespearean puppet shows in a toy theatre at six and could quote from the Bible, Shakespeare and the Houdini Handbook with equal facility at nine, he could not, and would not, learn to add and subtract. Indeed, the boy had often admitted this to Dr. Maurice Bernstein, an eminent Chicago psychologist, who was so struck by his genius at the age of two that later he clamoured to become his legal guardian. "I shall never be able to do sums," Orson had said. "Anyway, I shan't bother. When I grow up I shall always have people around who can do them for me."

Today, just twenty-four years later, George Orson Welles—alias "Awesome Orson," "the Boy Genius," "Little Orson Annie" and even "the Brash One"—is still practising his magic. He is still enthralling listeners with good talk on politics, the Bible, Shakespeare, the menace of "American juke-box culture," Hollywood versus Orson Welles—on anything, in fact, except his love affairs and, more particularly, his marriage to and divorce from Rita Hayworth.

His Army Of Accountants

At the St. James's Theatre, in London, just now his *Othello*, variously described as "memorable," "adequate," "unforgettable" and "complete with off-stage music that is reminiscent of the Harry Lime theme," is enjoying a great success. And around him—just as he told Dr. Bernstein back in Chicago—is a small army of lawyers and accountants, adding, subtracting and going slowly grey in his offices in London, Paris, Venice, Rome and Tripoli as they try to create order out of the fate of the tens of thousands of dollars, pounds, pesos, lire or francs that he has earned in his amazing career on the stage, films, radio and as an author.

"I have no money," explains Orson Welles. "I never will have. I make films so that I can earn to make films. Otherwise I am not interested." Rarely does he carry any money in the pockets of his ill-fitting blue suit which makes him look, on his own confession, "just like an unmade bed." But the Wellesian trademark of the deep, rich voice, the tousled hair, towering height (six feet three inches) huge frame (fifteen stone), ambling gait, brooding black eyes and general air of being "a world-weary altar boy," is so well known that taxi drivers in any European capital are prepared to take him on trust with whatever is the local equivalent of "O.K., Harry Lime, jump in," knowing that their fare is safe and will be settled by one of his staff of accountants next morning.

Sketching Trip In Donkey Cart

What Orson Welles has earned since he first walked on the stage at sixteen is something both he and his international accountants would dearly like to know and perhaps never will. When his father died he left Orson £12,000, with the proviso that he would not be able to touch the money until he was twenty-five. The drink chits on the boat to China must have affected Welles Senior greatly. Orson's solution was to borrow against the expectancy of the fortune.

A hundred pounds of the £12,000 went to finance a sketching trip through Ireland by donkey cart. Flat broke in Dublin within a short time of his arrival, Welles went backstage at the Gate Theatre one night, presented himself to Hilton Edwards, the director, and asked for a chance to act. He was, he said nonchalantly, twenty-five years old, a regular player at the New York Theatre Guild. He was given a small part and was a great success. He stayed for a season, and then moved to the Abbey Theatre, where (still sixteen) he became the theatre's first American guest star.

Some of the money his father left him went on paying his passage back to America, where, with the Irish success behind him, he hoped to play on Broadway. Nobody wanted him. The final insult came when he was making a routine call at an agent's one morning. The office-boy took one look at him and announced: "Nothing for you today, kiddie."

A further slice went to finance the unhappy period when he turned to playwriting in a wigwam on a Wisconsin lake, where, also, he edited a volume of Shakespeare's plays, illustrated with his own stage and costume designs, which, as *Everybody's Shakespeare*, is still a textbook in American high schools. And there were the expenses of a trip by tramp steamer to Morocco, where he met and stayed with a Riff leader while he tried his hand at writing detective stories. By the time Welles was twenty-five, only ten dollars remained, but by that time he had become an established Broadway actor and had negotiated a fabulous Hollywood contract.

In partnership with an ex-Rumanian named John Houseman, he formed the Mercury Theatre with a capital of £2,500. This money came from Welles's radio appearances in which he had become so successful that for a long period he was earning £400 a week with various networks. His accountant at the time had a hard tussle explaining to the Inland Revenue that the recurring item, "Hire of ambulance at ten dollars per hour," was a business expense. Welles used it for sleeping in between engagements.

Orson Welles, the son of an absent-minded inventor, at three. He scorned children's stories, was already learning Shakespeare

Welles, baby Rebecca, Christopher (his daughter by previous marriage), Rita Hayworth. When they parted, Rita said: "I could take it no longer. Nobody can live with a genius twenty-four hours a day"

Played Brutus In Modern Dress

The Mercury decided that its first production should be *Julius Caesar* in modern dress. People who liked it praised Welles for his originality in presenting Caesar as a Fascist dictator and Brutus a "liberal," a peace-loving intellectual who wore badly fitting clothes, a shabby hat and delivered his lines not before scenery but before the blank back wall of the stage. Welles's detractors say that the "originality" stemmed from the fact that Welles and the Mercury had no money, and by playing Brutus, Welles saved the company a lot of money in costume hire. He already had a badly fitting suit and, at a pinch, knew where he could lay his hands on a shabby hat.

But *Julius Caesar* made money, which was immediately poured back into other productions which failed, although the critics agreed they were all "artistic successes." A perfectionist in everything he produces, Welles often spent eighteen hours a day at the theatre, writing, cutting and altering the company's productions and running up enormous bills in overtime for the attendance of stagehands.

In spite of other successes both on the stage and on the radio, which he was helping to revolutionize with his original methods of production, Welles was unknown outside America until the

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The State watches the Church. Dr. Beran, Archbishop of Prague, leaves his cathedral after a controversial sermon. Soon after, he was imprisoned in his home. Now he has disappeared

have been taken over by Communist "vicars-general" exercising the powers of the muted bishop, who has no way of disowning them.

Few were surprised when, on March 12, 1951, a triumphant Czech Government announced that three residential bishops and one titular bishop had taken the people's democratic loyalty oath. Given a choice between seeing their jurisdictional functions usurped by Communist stooges, and of comforting their flock once again as "free" men, they had chosen the latter. With that, the power of the hierarchy was broken. The parish priest, hopelessly confused, and more and more frequently hitched up to a chain of command that ended in Moscow, could resist no more. Nine million Czech Catholics were adrift.

There are roughly 50,000,000 Catholics living in Eastern Europe, and Communist strategy everywhere adapts itself to local conditions. The least tormented area now under Red control is probably Eastern Germany. With the majority of German Catholics concentrated in the Western zones, the Soviets still go slowly for propaganda reasons. One might conclude that persecution has gone farthest in Lithuania, a heavily Catholic nation of 2,900,000 inhabitants, where only 400 priests are still at large.

One country about which even the refugees are reluctant to talk is Poland. "Really, we've had little trouble so far," they say. "Let sleeping dogs lie."

Yet it is towards Poland that the Vatican now looks with the most profound concern. For Poland's hierarchy was the first to capitulate. On April 14, 1950, the secretary of the Polish episcopate and two bishops, acting on behalf of the entire clergy, put their signatures to a pact by which the Church solemnly condemned "any anti-government attitude," and promised to exhort the faithful to respect the authority of the State and to punish priests taking part in any secret or anti-government movement. In return, the government acknowledged the Pope's jurisdiction over the Church in religious and spiritual matters. It further guaranteed the supervised "freedom" of Catholic teaching, the Catholic Press, processions and religious orders.

It is in Red Hungary that the formula of striking the shepherd and dispersing the sheep has been developed to perfection. Church resistance centred around the person of the primate, Joseph Mindszenty. On December 26, 1948, the cardinal became the first Prince of the Church to be arrested since the time of Napoleon.

Fingernails Torn Off

With the primate out of the way, the government confronted the lower clergy with the usual choice of "collaborate or suffer." Scores of priests were arrested and tortured. Monks and nuns were carted off to labour camps and concentration monasteries. A group known as the National Committee of Hungarian Catholic Priests began to demonstrate how Church and State could live happily under the same roof.

It was headed by Mgr. Miklas Beresztoczy, a prominent clergyman who was sentenced together with Cardinal Mindszenty and who emerged from prison in the spring of 1950 with his fingernails torn off and his personality changed beyond recognition.

Meanwhile, Archbishop Joseph Groesz, next in line of seniority to the imprisoned primate, had taken over Mindszenty's duties as head of the hierarchy. A quiet, unassuming man—"the son of a peasant, and proud of it," in the words of a friend—he was at first considered more tractable by the authorities than the impulsive cardinal. On August 30, 1950, he signed, on behalf of the Hungarian hierarchy, a humiliating accord with the government.

Once he had signed the accord, Archbishop Groesz could be discarded. Last June he stood before the same expert judge who had sentenced Cardinal Mindszenty. He "confessed" to having led a movement to overthrow the government and was sent to jail for fifteen years.

When, last July, the nine not yet imprisoned bishops swore loyalty to the "people's democratic state," Hungary's Red bosses could relax at last. What isolated pockets of resistance remained they would have no trouble mopping up. The Church in Hungary was beaten.

As Eastern Europe's battered clergy look to the Holy See for comfort and protection, there is little Rome can offer. It has at its command spiritual weapons only, and their effect on the disciples of Marx is problematic at best.

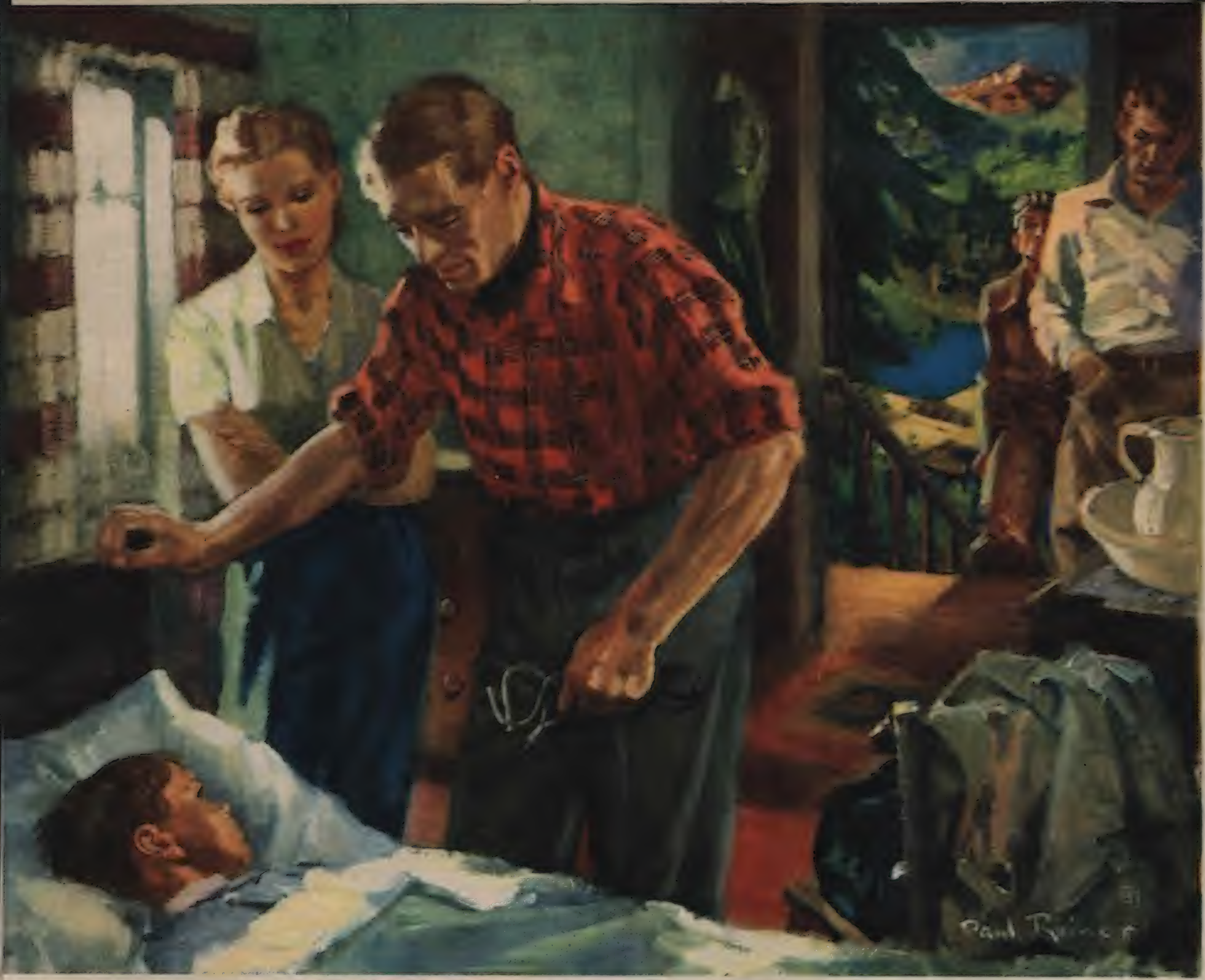
Power For Puppet Bishops

The next move, clearly, is up to Stalin. With Red administrators and vicars already usurping the jurisdictional functions of the bishops, what is there to prevent the Communists from enthroning puppet bishops? All they would have to do is force one of the many legitimate bishops now in jail to consecrate, as bishop, a renegade priest. Endowed with the spiritual powers of a Roman Catholic bishop, the renegade could then proceed to ordain new priests and consecrate new bishops. The chain reaction obviously would break the Church in two.

Should Stalin decide to go ahead and beget a line of new Red bishops, the future of the "people's democratic church" would be assured. Then what? Once again the Church of Rome is preparing to go underground. Already, behind drawn curtains, laymen secretly ordained as priests say Mass in private homes. Men in overalls or business suits, secretly consecrated as bishops, have taken over in some dioceses where the bishop is no longer free.

"We are going back to the catacombs," said one priest from far behind the Curtain. "Hard times are ahead, harder than the Church has known for centuries."

THE END



The doctor came in noisily. Ethel had never liked him. "Hallo, Bobby," he said. "Gonna undo your pyjamas, have a look at where the pain is"

Home for Ethel Thomson

by DAVID WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL RAINER

This wilderness had taken two of her children. It wouldn't get the third

ETHEL THOMSON SAT IN THE parlour, which was neat and not unhomely with the faded photographs of her people and of Jim's people. Bluebottles buzzed against screen windows, but that noise of the busy bloated flies, perhaps the most hateful thing of all, was on the outside of her hearing. She listened through it, watching the door of Bobby's room, admonishing herself not to go in there while he was quiet. But it was hard, because the quick breathing, ending too high and guttural for a child, said to her thirty times a minute that her son was very sick.

The rhythm—spasmodic, but a rhythm—changed. She had begun to move before he called, "Mummy!"—voice remote and ventriloquous.

"Here I am, Bobby," she said, looking down at him, at the last child of her body.

"Where's Archie gone to?" Archie Landry was Bobby's pal. He was an Indian boy.

"Archie wasn't here, darling. He'll be in school now."

"Mummy, there's fishes on the wall. I was showing Archie. And men's faces getting awful big and small again."

She looked at the wallpaper, which had been there as long as she had been there; she remembered also, in a more kindly country, long before she had come to Canada, seeing faces come in the flower designs when she had had a fever long ago. "You're imagining the faces, Bobby. Shut your eyes and they'll go away."

He shut his eyes and opened them again. They were slow, like old eyes, yet with a dull young lustre. "Not 'magining. I see them better now."

"How's your tummy?" She had not meant to ask that. She meant not to ask it, bringing his mind to his pain. It was typical.

Sure enough, Bobby's face puckered. As he cried, the sweat came out on his face in beads and trickles. His tan made the illness more ugly and incongruous.

She wiped his face, and after a while he was eased by the coolness, dampness. He stopped

Continued on page 30

"Clippies" to the famous

by *W. G. GREATOREX*

A swift clip with the scissors, a dab of paste—and another sixpenny cutting goes to a name in the news

Durrant-Wright with two of his "clippies." Customers include Churchill, Charlie Chaplin and M.I.5

On the morning after Clement Attlee had announced the date of the 1951 General Election, fifty-eight Parliamentary candidates got in touch with a London business man named Geoffrey Durrant-Wright. They expected plenty of publicity in the campaigning weeks ahead—and wanted to ensure that they missed none of the Press references to their activities.

Durrant-Wright, thirty-eight year old proprietor of Durrant's Press Cuttings, cleared his desk for action and then, over the office intercom, informed his 107 "readers"—girls and women whose ages range from sixteen to sixty—of the new clients they would have to keep in mind while they were scanning newspapers and magazines. It was the tallest order for months.

"We had been turning down applications from would-be subscribers," he explains, "because there's a limit to the number of people and subjects the staff can efficiently carry in their heads. But a General Election—we just had to do something about it." What they did was clear to one north-country candidate who, when confronted by his opponents with a devastating quote from a distant local newspaper, quipped: "Praise Durrant's, who pass the ammunition!"

G.P.O. The Best Customer

Durrant's is reputed to be the biggest of the seven Press-cutting agencies now operating in London and sending out, between them, a weekly cargo of cuttings that runs into millions. Geoffrey Durrant-Wright has 5,000 clients on his books, including the Prime Minister (a standing order), famous writers and obscure first-novelists. There are also hundreds of film, stage and radio personalities, members of the landed gentry, footballers, jockeys, musicians, commentators, dressmakers, painters and pools winners.

By far the biggest customer today, however, is the Government. Nearly every Ministry and State Department is on the list, besides public corporations like the B.B.C. The G.P.O., Durrant-Wright reveals, is the most Press-conscious of all: it gets about 60,000 cuttings every year. These are delivered twice daily, and criticisms of postal and telephone services are already being marked by the time they reach the Postmaster-General's desk at 11.30 a.m. Of the Ministries, National Insurance proved to be the greatest cuttings-consumer, with 65,000 a year. The Ministry of Fuel got 50,000. Political parties and manufacturing firms are also in the thousands-a-year class.

Recently Durrant-Wright was telephoned by a political party which wanted all references to local Communist activities. They asked that their identity should not be made known even to his readers. "We send the parcels to an individual at a private address," says Durrant-Wright. Another customer with a "blind" address is M.I.5, whose cuttings are delivered via a post office box number.

Some subscribers ask Durrant's to keep an eye on a variety of people and subjects; one Press agent takes all references to soap, soap powders, soap substitutes, margarine, a famous multiple store, a benevolent fund and a brand of toothpaste. "Once," Durrant-Wright recalls wryly, "most of our business came from publicity men and society women." When he was an office junior, he remembers, a slack period was the signal for circularizing the aristocracy for new clients.

One titled woman did ask recently for cuttings about a heavyweight boxer, but it was a throwback to another era and merely emphasized the changes in Durrant's clientele.

In the main, the frivolous subscriber has given place to the public relations expert and the business man. Even the entertainers—film, stage and radio stars and writers—are not, thinks Durrant-Wright, motivated more by vanity than professional efficiency.

Cuttings Got Actor A Job

Not long ago, at a London party, he met a young actor with a moderately successful background of provincial repertory who admitted that he was finding it hard to get parts. No, he had never kept any cuttings. Durrant-Wright advised him to recover a selection of notices and place them before a producer. "I'm not soliciting custom," he added. "We don't deal in back numbers." Less than a fortnight later, Durrant-Wright got an ecstatic letter from the actor, in which he said that he had collected several "mentions" and had got a job on the strength of them. "Now will you cut for me?" the letter concluded. "I believe he has quite a future," says Durrant-Wright, "so I've taken him on."

Few of the agency's clients, who pay fees varying from £2 10s. for 100 cuttings or a year's service (however scanty the mentions), fail to get their money's-worth. Outstanding public figures such as Cabinet Ministers get so much Press attention that a single cutting from one newspaper is often used to represent hundreds dealing with the same speech or incident—an economy move that is appreciated, and often requested, by Ministers whose Press-cuttings bills average £80 a year.

Horror Of The Limelight

At the other extreme, it was noted some time ago that one client who had just renewed his subscription for the fourth time had not received a single cutting. Tactfully, Durrant-Wright wrote to the obscure subscriber suggesting that he might more usefully invest his £2 10s., only to be assured by return post that the man had such a horror of notoriety and newspapers that he only wanted to satisfy himself that he was never mentioned.

The most unusual customer, however, was the catering firm which had been sued for damages by a customer who alleged finding a dead snail in one of their teapots. "They wanted reports about people finding dead snails in café teapots," says Durrant-Wright. "They suspected that somebody might be making a nice living out of the 'discoveries.'"

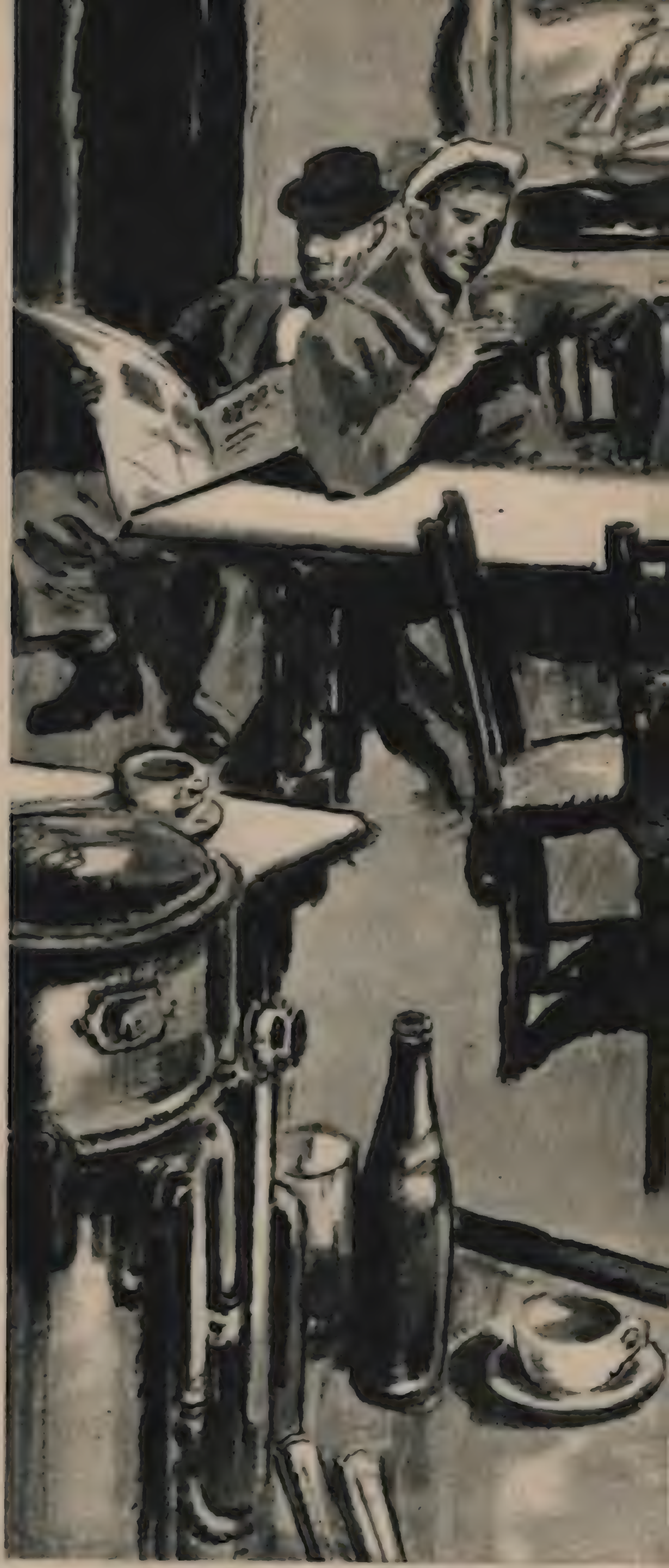
A few weeks ago, Lady Munnings—wife of Sir Alfred, the painter—telephoned Durrant-Wright to ask whether her pet pekinese, Black Knight, could be accepted as a subscriber. "He is

Continued on page 42

LOVERS IN AUTUMN

World project story from Sweden
by HANS PETERSON

That summer I'd seen a lot of Inger. Now I was out of love, it was autumn, and I was restless again . . .



ILLUSTRATED BY OLIPHANT

WHEN I WOKE UP, Jåta had already gone and Lasse was combing his hair. "Are you going out?" I said. He nodded and began rubbing at a couple of spots he'd got on his gabardine suit.

He had bought the suit after we had got some money from a smuggling job down at the docks. I paid for an old oilskin coat that Olle had handed on to me when he got copped. He only got a couple of months and when he came out he needed money. But Lasse bought himself a gabardine suit, as he makes a point of sprucing himself up for the girls. He had no money for an overcoat, though, so the jacket and the trousers, too, looked a bit creased by the middle of the summer. But it was a gabardine suit at any rate.

When he had got the spots out, off he went, too. He paused by the door for a moment while he opened it cautiously. If there was anyone about he had to wait till they'd gone. We weren't allowed to live in the deserted shed on the island. But there was no glass in the windows and bits of the roof were missing, so, as long as nobody saw us coming or going, we could be more or less undisturbed.

When Lasse had gone I lay there for a while longer. Outside it was raining gently. Not much, but enough to make it sound like mice pattering on the roof. And the floor near the window grew dark. When the winter came we were going to put tarboard over the windows. But it was still only October and we wanted to have daylight in the place as long as possible. After that we'd have to try and get some candles. Jåta kept saying we ought to break into a grocer's shop and get hold of some paraffin lamps and paraffin and a whole lot of other things we needed.

I was about to drop off again, when I remembered I was out of cigarettes. I'd have to scrounge a couple at the café. I had a tramfare, anyway.

It was only eight o'clock but it was dark all the same. In town the asphalt was wet and it was pitch dark under the trees the whole way along the avenue. But I liked being in town, dark or not. I always have liked it. Once I met a chap called Bert. He and I had spent last summer with two girls. Then he went to Stockholm and wanted me to go with him, but I couldn't stick his company any longer. And I liked this town too much.

The café was pretty quiet. I sat down at an empty table, debating whether I'd go back down to the harbour again. But I pulled off the oilskin coat instead and waited. I felt tired and fed up.

In the spring it had been exciting. Then we were out of an evening. Olle was always for us picking up a couple of girls, but he got browned off when I wasn't keen and then the gang began to split up. Lasse and Jåta, who were only sixteen—a year younger than me, and two years younger than Olle—wanted more money. They nattered about kiosks and shops that were empty at night, or about getting into the docks. But I didn't see the point of it. Everything seemed depressing. Not hopeless, but just rather pointless.

What I liked was either lying on the mattress on the floor, doing nothing, or wandering aimlessly about among the huts. Olle thought it was because of the autumn. I was just about as much down in the dumps last autumn. But now it was worse. I hated the thought of the winter.

Rut came up and I ordered a cup of coffee and managed to borrow a cigarette from her, and just as I was lighting it, in came Bert with the two of them, Inger and Ann, the girls we'd been with the summer before.

"Hallo," Bert said. "I knew we'd find you here."

"Hallo," I said. "Hallo, Inger."

INGER just looked at me without saying anything and I knew that she was still in love with me. She had a new blue dress and an umbrella. She was evidently still working at the factory where she started last autumn. That summer she and Ann had lived with me and Bert in the hut down by the docks, as Jåta and Olle and Lasse were away the whole summer.

Although I remembered every detail of that summer, I felt nothing for Inger. Then I looked at Ann, though I wanted to stop myself.

"And you're all right?" said Bert.

"I'm all right," I said. "And you? Are you back here again?"

"Just for a bit. Managed to get a lift with a lorry part of the way."

"Super. Have you been down to the house?"

"No. Looked up Ann and Inger first and then we came here. Thought I'd wait here till you came. Damned if I'm going to the house in this mud."

I nodded.

"Haven't seen you for ages," Inger said.

"Thought you two were still together," Bert said. And then I remembered why I disliked him. Because he talked so much. So blasted much.

"No," I said.

Ann, too, was better dressed than last summer, so perhaps she had a job as well. I wondered how it would have been if those two had not been sisters, or if I had met Ann instead. But now there was nothing to be done. Ann lit a cigarette and looked at me, and I knew that my clothes were shabby and that I was depressed.

"They were only together a little while after that," Ann said.

She had a thin face and Bert was sitting with his arm round her and I felt as Olle said he did when the police nabbed him.

"You don't say," said Bert, the life and soul of the party. "And here was I thinking there'd be wedding bells."

"Not likely," I said, but then felt sorry, for it wasn't Inger's fault.

"And you, sweetie-pie, you're bearing up?" Bert said to Ann.

"Might be worse," said Ann.

"You've got thin," Inger said to me.

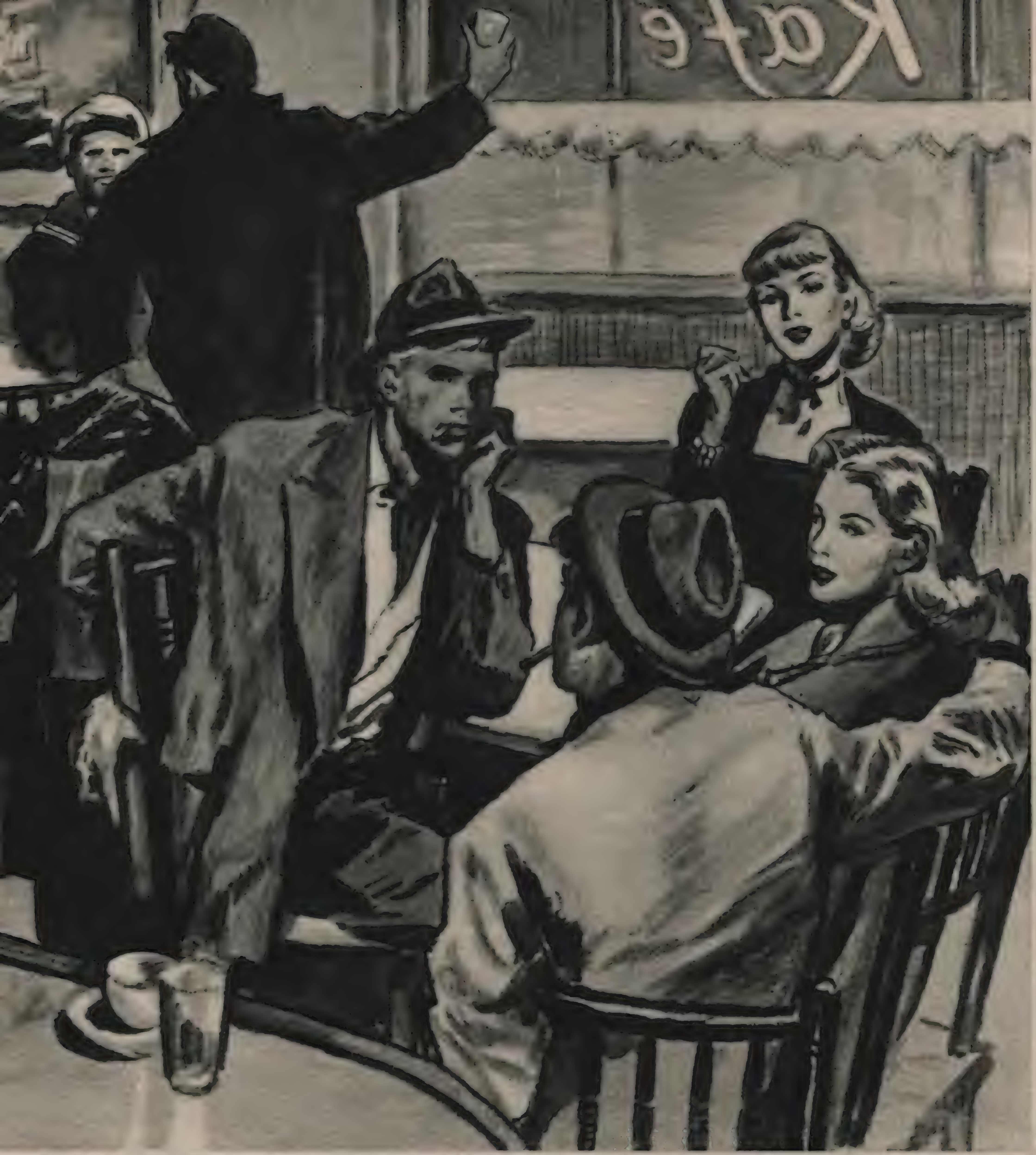
"Do you think so?"

"Yes, in the cheeks. And here."

She leant over and stroked my chin as though she couldn't help it.

Rut came and Bert ordered four lemonades and four glasses and left his cigarette packet on the table. I wondered where he'd got the money from, but I didn't ask as it was no business of mine and I disliked Bert. The summer before it had been all right. Then I was a bit more cheerful, and the girls and we were out dancing at Liset. We went swimming and did just as we liked. Then, suddenly, I couldn't stick Inger any longer, and it was only Ann I saw every time I was out with Inger. That autumn came too quickly, and I was down in the dumps and didn't seem to get back into form again in the spring, and in the summer it did nothing but rain, just like one long prelude to autumn. And now it was October again. I felt a different person.

Rut brought the lemonade and glasses and



"Thought you two were still together," said Bert, his arm round Ann. His chatter made me angry

Bert pulled out a half-bottle of firewater and for a while we pretended it was like last summer. But all the time I knew it wasn't, and so did Inger. She drank too much. I did, too.

Inger saw someone she knew, and she and Bert went over to talk. I was left with Ann.

"Cheers," I said. "And how are you?"

"All right."

"How's Inger getting on? Still working?"

"Yes."

"Are you also peeved because I chucked it last autumn?" I said.

"That's between Inger and you. But you needn't have been so sudden about it. It was tough on Inger."

"I couldn't cope. It's a fact. I couldn't cope."

"But Inger knew nothing about it."

"I thought she knew."

But it was a lie because I did know that Inger hadn't realized it was all up until I broke it off. But I couldn't cope with any long explanations and that's why I made it short and snappy.

"It was for a certain reason all the same."

I'd had too much to drink and I knew it, and I knew I ought to get up and go, instead of sitting there. But I sat where I was just the same.

"It was you I was stuck on," I said.

"But I had Bert."

"Yes. But later, when he'd gone . . . the two of you would sometimes come down to me. When none of the other chaps were at home. It was you and I who had something to talk about. It was you and I, and not Inger and I, and it was you I was stuck on."

"But . . ." she began, but was silent again.

"That's why I couldn't go on any longer. And every time I met you and Inger it was you I wanted. And I've thought about you since, too, and I'm keen on you now. Just now I'm as keen on you as I was then."

"I've got a boy friend now."

"Who?"

"You don't know him."

"And he knows?"

"Yes, he knows everything but he doesn't care. I like him. And he likes me."

"True love," I said. "Sweet, innocent love. It sounds marvellous."

"Why don't you pull yourself together?" Ann said quickly. "Pull yourself together and start working somewhere. At a warehouse, for instance. Then you can either get a raise or start somewhere else when you've been there about a year. So as you have a reference. There's no future in keeping on as you are now. That's why Inger and I started at the factory. We saw it was no good. And besides you look like death. Thin and shabby. Get a steady job. No one minds what you've done before."

I could see exactly how she wanted me to be. And I knew that if I did as she wanted I'd have a chance with her. In spite of her boy friend. I knew it because Ann and I were alike. At bottom we were confoundedly alike. And I knew that she was also wondering whether she had done right. Having sold her freedom for the sake of a little money and a better reputation.

"No point," I said.

"Yes," she said. "Yes."

"I'd only feel shut in."

"You ought to stick it. You should see how Inger and I live now. A room with use of kitchen, and we can do for ourselves and it's warm. And there's no rain coming through the roof."

She smiled, and I knew then that I could do anything at all and get her. But I felt I wasn't up to it.

"Inger has no boy friend," she said.

"But you have."

"Try your hand at a job," she said instead.

As things were now, I could lie about doing nothing, I could walk round feeling that I belonged to myself. I used to look at those others tearing off to work and the Hising bridge packed with cyclists and crowded trams, while I walked up into the park thinking how darned good it was in the sun. The sun's quite warm even in the autumn. And the trees were turning, and you could lie out on the edge of the rocks, looking out over the city, and then you owned the city. You owned everything in sight, because no one could point to a clock and take it away from you. The sky was light and clear and there was a tang in the air and you didn't give a damn about the future, which meant the winter. All you cared about was looking round and feeling that there you were alive, with everything else dying. Perhaps you were dying yourself, but then you were conscious of it and didn't drop like a brewery horse in the street: you sank slowly down in the warm sun and it felt like the last bit of summer, although it was October.

"No," I said.

But I wanted so much to have Ann with me up the hill, among the leaves, warmed by the sun.

Then Bert and Inger came back again.

We went on drinking for a while and then we went up with Ann and Inger to their room and had coffee. It was a little room with a window looking on to a wall, but if you leaned out you could see the reflection of red and green neon lights in the clouds.

They had buns, too, and Bert had a little left in the bottle, and then I put my arms round Inger and said I liked her and thought all the time of Ann and Bert being together.

I could hear from Inger's voice that she was hoping it would be all right between us again. The rain was pattering on the windows and I knew I could live with her for the time being. If I got a job.

Inger had her arm round my neck and I knew she was feeling content, and that it needed very little to make her forget how I had broken it off with her. Ann and her boy friend and Inger and I could go out of an evening and have a good time. I got up and went over to the window and opened it and looked down. The asphalt was shining and a cyclist with his coat-collar turned up was going past and a couple were standing looking into a furniture shop across the road.

As I turned round, Inger lit a cigarette, and in the light from the street I could see she was sitting curled up on the couch.

"Cheerio," I said suddenly.

Going over to the door, I picked up the oilskin coat that I had chucked on the floor. I wasn't quite sober but I soon would be. In the kitchen, I could hear Ann and Bert washing up.

"So long, Ann," I said, though I thought myself it sounded sentimental.

I put on the oilskin coat as I went down the stairs. It was quite dark in the avenue and my hair soon got wet. When I got up to the bridge, I stopped. I felt free. I knew of a small shed down by the side of the hill where I could sleep for a while till Inger stopped looking for me, and I could go back to the hut. There was no point in thinking any farther ahead as it would soon be winter.

THE END

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Bill Pack helps to sort out Malaya

IN his third on-the-spot dispatch *HARRY HOPKINS* tells how down-to-earth British officials are bringing new hope to Malaya... men like Bill Pack pioneering in a jungle village; Ralph Whitby running his school for ex-bandits; and Jack Brazier, the cockney trade union adviser

Bill Pack (left), British "mayor" of Serdang Bahru, one of 300 new villages built to house and protect families living in bandit-dominated jungle country

With its old jungle home pulled down and loaded on lorries, a family moves into a new village. The pictures on these pages were taken by Hopkins

TAIPING

WHEN WE REACHED the top of the hill where the police station was going to be, Bill Pack turned and waved a hand towards his kingdom. Between the white glitter of the tin tailings over to our left and the jungle-clad hill to our right, streets of evenly spaced wooden huts curved away into the distance. Labourers were digging drainage ditches down the sides of the raw, newly cut roads. Two lorries lumbered down the road in front of us, their backs loaded with timber and bits of houses.

"Quite a town, isn't it, when you see it from here," said Resettlement Officer Pack. "The new school reserve will be over there, the community centre will be there—and I've asked the town planner for ten more shops. Up there on the hill, they're digging our reservoir. . . ."

The sound of hammering drifted up from below. All along the street people were working with a purposeful intensity, building new homes. An old Chinese clambered about the rafters of his half-erected house, a saw in his hand. Below, his wife, a baby on her back, moved in a litter of bowls and kitchen things. A few yards down the road a group of men and women were working on one of the fifty by seventy feet plots, digging out the enormous tree stumps, clawing out the stones, levelling the earth with their hoe-like changkols. In the middle of the plot two sticks were planted in the soil and a square of red cloth hung limply from a cross-piece. The red cloth was some sort of charm. It would ensure prosperity for the new home.

New Home, Old Neighbours

A few days before, Mr. Liew, the Chinese Assistant Resettlement Officer, would have served on this squatter family in their hut on the fringe of the jungle a five to eight day notice to move. Then this site in the resettlement area would have been allotted to them, if possible next to their old neighbours or at least members of the same Chinese "tribe." They would spend a few days preparing the plot. Then, on the day appointed, an army lorry would come up and they would pull down their old house and load it on the back of the lorry and put it up again in the new spot. Maybe they would put in a bit of new timber or, if they could afford it, even build a new hut. So far, here in Serdang Bahru ("New Serdang") 730 families had made the move. The final total would be 1,650 houses holding 9,000 people.

All over Malaya people were moving house. For Serdang Bahru was only one of 300 new villages that had been built in the last two years, extending the protection of the law and the care of the administration to 280,000 former squatters. Living in the fringes of the jungle they had been an easy prey for the Communist bandits who extorted money and food from them.

It was a gigantic operation. You began with a measure against the bandits. You ended by changing the face of Malaya.

No one could pretend that the resettlement areas added anything to the charm of the place. There were people, generally new to the East, who made no bones about it, and called the resettlement areas "slums." There were others who talked about "concentration camps." And certainly the thing that interested the police most was the barbed wire, and having it kept clear and not having it too long to get a half-hourly patrol around. And certainly the C.I.D. was on the watch for Communist cells inside, and the people, going out to work when the gate opened in the morning, were carefully checked to make sure they carried no more than the regulation "two round cigarette tins" of cooked rice.

But already some of the initial errors were being corrected. The police were falling back into the background. And people like Bill Pack were moving in, bulky, honest Bill Pack, sweating here in this fan-less little office-hut, the ordinary Englishman at last, bringing the ordinary Englishman's great gifts of humanity and common sense and good humour to bear on the difficulties of these obscure people.

Ex-regular army sergeant-major, former commandant of a D.P. camp in Austria, Bill Pack had already conceived a considerable admiration for what he called "his residents." "The other day," he said to me, "I told them we must have the *belukar*—tough, ten foot-high elephant grass—cut down for thirty yards all round the area. They put parties of 200 on, and inside three days they had done the lot—and we have 350 acres here.

"Already," he continued, "the town spirit is building up"—and he took me to see the ten almshouses built from voluntary contributions by the Malayan Chinese Association. An old woman, with a face brown and withered like a prune, came out and told us in no uncertain voice that now she was getting a decent meal for the first time in years.

Saying It With Music

From beyond the Chinese temple down the street—also demolished, moved and re-erected in the wake of its customers—came the melancholy, strident notes of Chinese song. This, it seemed, was the day of the public address van's visit. "First we give them a bit of music," explained Pack, "then we give them the 'gen'. . . ." The song broke off and the young Chinese official inside the van, speaking into the microphone in Hakka, began to work his way down Pack's little list. Rubbish to be burned, please, and all tins thrown in one place. The new school term would begin next week. No flies, no disease. The Federal Dispensary van would be round three times a month and treatment was free. The water would be laid on by the end of the month.

"It's the only way I can reach them—yet," said Pack. "These people have all been just individuals. They have never been used to living in a community. When we've got all the huts up, then most of the work will be organizing, getting the community centre going, starting local sports, the infant welfare centre, a bus

A street in Serdang Bahru. In the background settlers listen to a loudspeaker van. Says Bil

Pack: "First we give them a bit of music, then we give out the 'gen' about water supplies, hygiene or schooling"

Six women, rubber tappers, live in this hut. Red papers—lucky charms—flutter from the door

Lee Choy. At a "school for ex-bandits" he got a trade and a new start in life

service. I'm trying to get a cinema and concert hall here and I'm after scrounging a bit of the old *padang* for a football pitch. . . ."

And before very long Serdang Bahru would have what many of the older resettlement areas had already experienced—an election. The people would meet and pick candidates, then go to the polls to elect their own village council. And Bill Pack would move on and the council would take over the running of affairs. Gradually, and half unconsciously, out of the military necessities of the moment was growing a new way of life, a new sort of Malaya. For what was happening in the resettlement areas was happening everywhere: the emphasis was shifting from the wire to the people inside the wire, from repression to construction, from, if you like, merely killing Communists to killing the things that make Communism possible.

Village That "Vanished"

There is, of course, still the odd village like Jenderam, which was judged so far beyond redemption that it was "wiped from the map," its entire population seized and transported en bloc in an elaborate dawn operation, its buildings demolished, its 370 dogs destroyed, its nineteen gramophones, three radios and seventy-five sewing machines put into storage. And there are, of course, still the detention camps. I drove round the perimeter of the largest at Ipoh, a vast place confining 2,750 men and women, youths and girls, segregated in a series of screened compounds according to sex, race and type. There are eight of these detention camps all over Malaya, holding, without trial in court, on orders signed by the Chief Secretary, 8,713 people.

But today the total in detention is coming down and the aim is to bring it down still further. A mixed screening team, including local citizens, is going round the camps reviewing cases, classifying inmates into "whites," "greys" and "blacks." The "blacks" are being shipped back to China at the rate of a shipload or two a month. The "whites" are being released and resettled, as opportunity offers, in a new and more healthy environment.

And for the "greys" there is new hope in the striking success of a bold experiment that was launched eighteen months ago in the grandstand of the old racecourse at Taiping.

The idea behind the minds of the two Chinese Affairs officers who started the Taiping Rehabilitation Centre was simple. Many of the "Communists" then becoming hardened and embittered in detention camps were not Communists by conviction, but "Communists" by default. They were victims of the chaotic conditions, the isolation, the confused loyalties of the occupation years. All they really needed was a clean break, a new start and a chance to look around and get their bearings again.

Consider, for instance, the case of Taiping graduate Lee Choy, a seventeen-year-old Hakka who was arrested at Sungkai as a bandit subscription "collector." Lee Choy's father died when he was three and he was brought up by his mother. He never went to school. As a labourer in the forest, he came daily under the bandits' influence. They were the only authority he had ever known.

"An intelligent boy—a frank smile—we should be able to make something of him," noted the selection board that visited his detention camp. "Special interests he wishes to take up at Taiping: volley-ball."

Lee Choy's eyes opened wide when he saw the new camp, idyllically set at the foot of beautiful mountains. There were flowers everywhere. The gate stood open—and squashes grew up the perimeter wire. The guards stayed on the outside and the school team played them at football. The superintendent, Ralph Whitby, a vigorous young Englishman with a twinkle in his eye, addressed Lee Choy and the other new arrivals. He called them "Hok-Uen" (students). At the T.R.C., he said, they were not to be judged innocent or guilty, only encouraged to look forward to the future. They should study, work hard and play hard and take part in all the activities of the school. They should be courteous, self-respecting, cheerful and industrious and make full use of their opportunities.

First Lesson In Writing

Then, one by one, each new Hok-Uen was taken aside, allocated to classes, asked about any personal or family difficulties with which he might need help. Next morning Lee Choy found himself sitting on one of the tiered seats in the old racecourse grandstand, painfully tracing his first Chinese characters. Other students were at classes in Malay, English, Civics, Geography, Bookkeeping. There were all sorts and ages. Some were illiterate labourers like Lee Choy. Others were skilled craftsmen, clerks, schoolmasters.

For his vocational course, Lee could choose from motor-mechanics, carpentry, tailoring, tinsmithing, masonry, cobbling, barbering. Next morning, after P.T., found him bending over an old bus chassis following the instructor's points. The chassis was a present from the bandits—they had burned the bus in "Ambush Alley" on the notorious Grik road.

Working alongside Lee Choy was twenty-year-old Wong Peng Fatt. Wong, who was also a labourer, although he had a little more schooling than Lee Choy, had not wanted to come to Taiping. He had asked to be repatriated to China, although he himself was Malay-born. But now he had told the superintendent that since there were lessons on motors, well, he would stay.

"Must have been in a 'Communist' atmosphere all his life," the selection board noted on Wong's report, "and naturally now distrusts the Government. But we think his attitude will change in Taiping. Needs careful watching."

One day Lee Choy's mother came to visit him. They met in the camp library. She urged him to strive hard. Her son, she told officials, was a peace-loving citizen. Then she wept. But Lee Choy had already turned the corner. "Can now read and write a few Chinese characters," his teacher noted on his report. And the Assistant Chinese Affairs Officer on duty one night noticed that when news came over the radio of a particularly successful police action in a certain district, Lee Choy smiled and put his thumbs up.

No Propaganda Tactics

Wong Peng Fatt was slower to respond. "This inmate," reported one of the staff, "is very lazy and talkative. He is jack of all trades and master of none." Yet no one, Wong must have noticed, tried to get at him with high-powered propaganda. No one, in fact, was "selling" anything at all. Whitby just relied on the traditional Confucian respect of the Chinese for his teacher, instructed his staff to set themselves as examples, to be friendly without being familiar. Loyalty to the staff, he believed, would gradually become loyalty to the Government.

Certainly the avidity of the Hok-Uens for study was amazing. Each man would make himself a little desk from a box and bits of odd wood. Often there would be flowers on the desk and family photographs arrayed on the wall behind it. And there the students would sit over their books, not only during regular study periods, but in their leisure time as well and right up to lights out. Lee Choy had one of these little desks—and used it to good purpose. "Very studious and hardworking," now noted his teacher. "One of the best in the class." And something was happening even to the wary Wong. "His lessons have improved greatly," noted a report about this time.

It was so hard to stand outside all the time. There was the elected student council and there were the two "Houses"—Taai and Peng, both meaning "peace"—each with its elected captain

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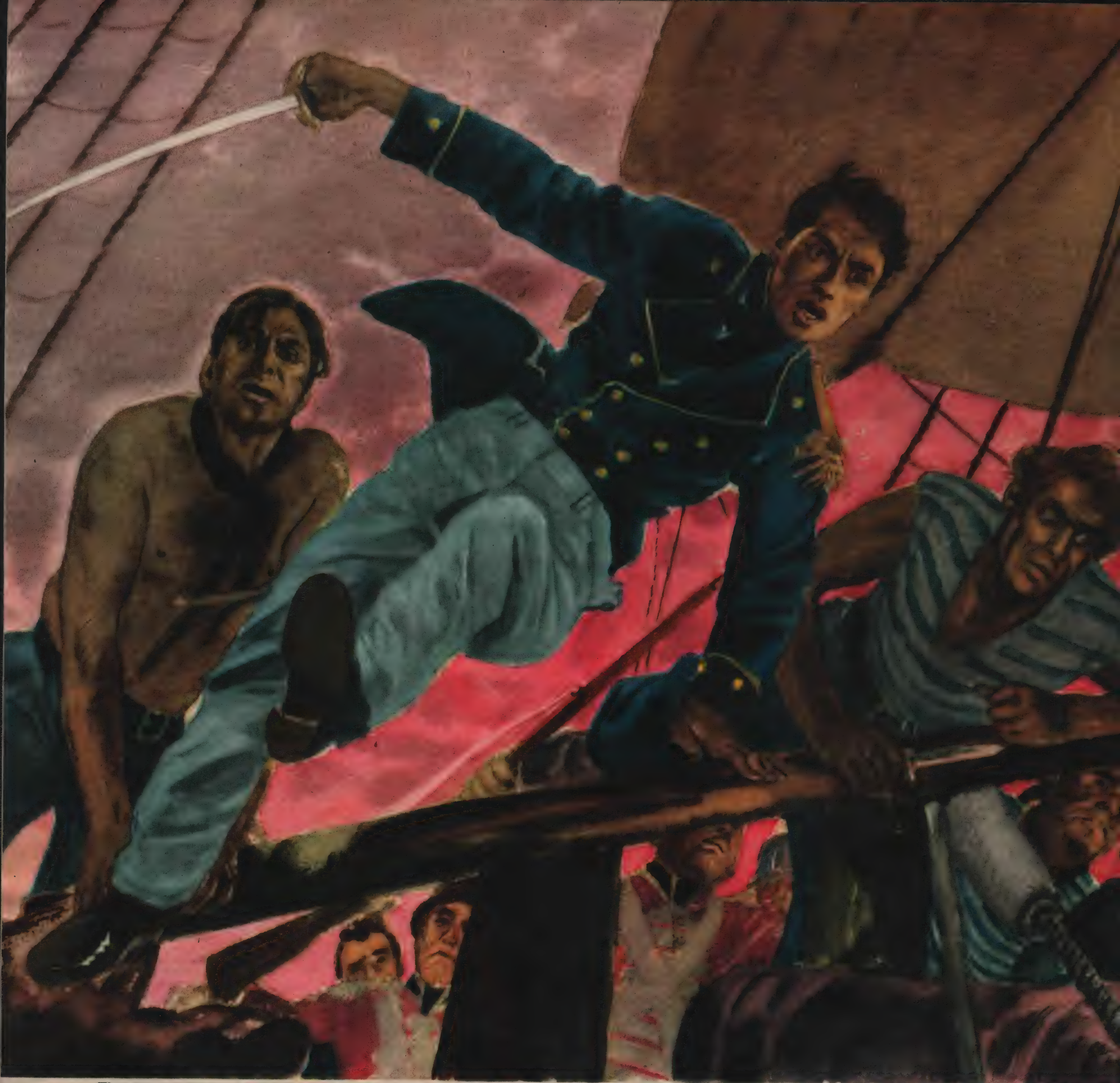


There was a grinding crash as the two ships collided. Then, suddenly, Hornblower appeared over the bulwarks of the *Renown*, sword in hand. With his

Lieutenant Hornblower

by C. S. FORESTER

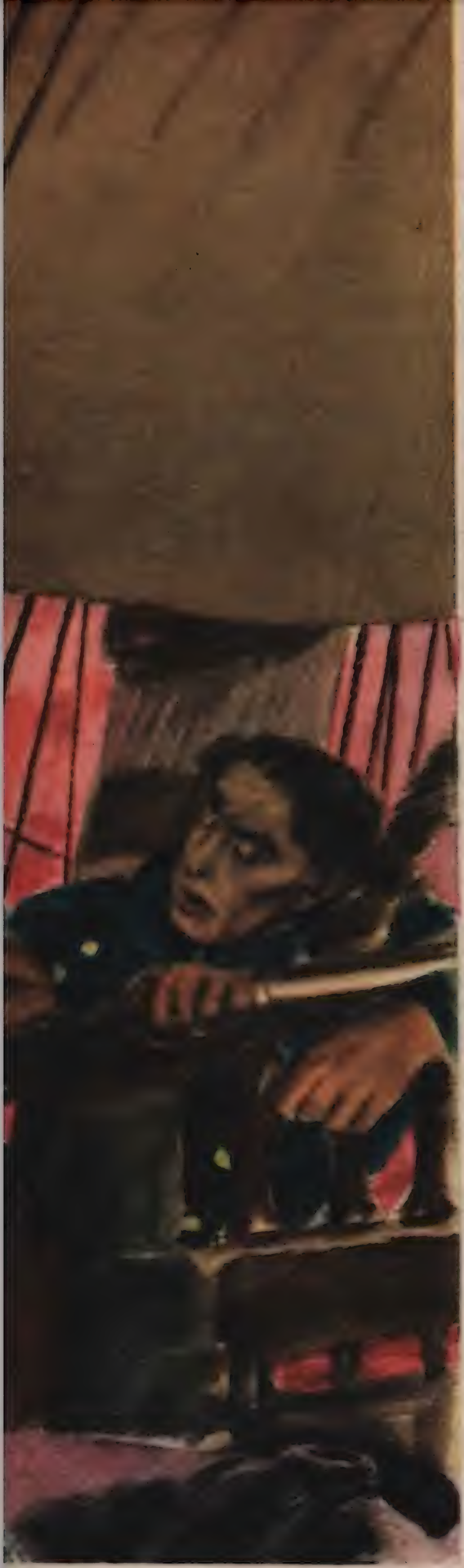
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

WOKEN BY SHOUTS and screams, Lieutenant Bush, first officer of H.M.S. *Renown*, grabbed a cutlass and pistol and charged up on deck—straight into a swarming crowd of Spanish prisoners who had escaped from below and were sweeping through the ship.

Rallying the crew about him, Bush fought back like a madman. But the odds were too great. Finally, wounded, exhausted and cut off from the rest of his men in the hand-to-hand fighting, he fell unnoticed by the side of one of the heavy eighteen-pounders on the deck. . . .

There had been five hundred prisoners crammed below decks on the *Renown*—four hundred soldiers and sailors and about a hundred women and children. They came from the garrison on the West Indian island of Santo Domingo which had surrendered to Lieutenant Buckland, acting

The mighty *Renown* seized by its prisoners! Hornblower did not hesitate—the ship had to be attacked at once



on either side, he leapt down to the attack

captain of the *Renown*. But, although Buckland had been in command, the greater part of the credit for the victory belonged to young Hornblower, the junior lieutenant.

The *Renown's* mission had been to wipe out the nest of Spanish privateers which operated from the bay on the northern shore of Santo Domingo. Instead—thanks to a daring plan of Hornblower's—the island garrison had surrendered unconditionally and the ships had been handed over as prizes.

The victory complete, a skeleton British crew was put aboard each ship, Hornblower was given command of the Spanish ship *Gaditana*, and the voyage to the British naval base at Jamaica began—with the prisoners crammed below decks.

The women prisoners aboard the *Renown* worried Lieutenant Bush. He guessed they might cause trouble with the crew. But when the trouble came, one night at sea, it took him by surprise, asleep in his bunk.

The prisoners, escaping from below, swept up to the main-deck and, swamping all resistance, gained control of the ship. Bush's efforts to rally the crew had come too late.

PART 7

Surprise At Dawn

Bush's madness ebbed away. He found himself beside one of the main-deck eighteen-pounders, forgotten for the moment, his sword still in his hand, trying with a slow brain to take stock of his situation. Mental pictures moved slowly across his mind's eye.

He could not doubt that some members of the ship's company had risked the ship for the sake of their lust. There had been no bargaining; none of the women had sold themselves in exchange for a betrayal. But he could guess that the women had seemed complacent, that some of the guards had neglected their duty to take advantage of such an opportunity. Then there would be a slow seepage of prisoners out of confinement, probably the officers from out of the midshipmen's berth, and then the sudden, well-planned uprising. A torrent of prisoners pouring up, the sentries overwhelmed, the arms seized; the watch below, asleep in their hammocks and incapable of resistance, driven like sheep in a mass forward, herded into a crowd against the bulkhead and restrained there by an armed party while other parties secured the officers aft, and, surging on to the main-deck, captured or slew every man there.

All about the ship now there must be little groups of seamen and marines, still free like himself, but weaponless and demoralized; with the coming of daylight, the Spaniards would reorganize themselves and would hunt through the ship and destroy any further resistance piecemeal, group by group.

There were orders—Spanish orders—being shouted about the deck now. The ship had come up into the wind all aback when the quartermasters at the wheel had been overwhelmed, and she was wallowing in the trough of the waves, now coming up, now falling off again, with the canvas overhead all flapping and thundering. There were Spanish sea officers—those of the prizes—on board. Even with a crew of landsmen, they would be able to brace the yards, man the wheel, and set a course close hauled up the Jamaica channel. Beyond, only a long day's run, lay Santiago.

Now there was the faintest, tiniest light in the sky. Morning—the awful morning—was about to break. Bush took a fresh grip of his sword hilt; his head was swimming and he passed his forearm over his face to wipe away the cobwebs that seemed to be gathering over his eyes.

And then, pale but silhouetted against the sky on the other side of the ship, he saw the topsail of another vessel moving slowly forward along the ship's side; masts, yards, rigging; another topsail slowly turning. There were wild shouts and yells from the *Renown*, a grinding crash as the two ships came together. An agonizing pause, like the moment before a roller breaks upon the shore. And then up over the bulwarks of the *Renown* appeared the heads and shoulders of men; the shakoes of marines, the cold glitter of bayonets and cutlasses. There was Hornblower, hatless, swinging his leg over and leaping down to the deck, sword in hand, the others leaping with him on either hand.

Weak and faint as he was, Bush still could think clearly enough to realize that Hornblower must have collected the prize crews from all three vessels before running in alongside in the *Gaditana*; by Bush's calculation he could have brought thirty seamen and thirty marines to this attack. But while one part of Bush's brain could think with this clarity and logic, the other part of it seemed to be hampered and clogged so that what went on before his eyes moved with nightmare slowness.

It might have been a slow-order drill, as the boarding party climbed down on the deck. Everything was changed and unreal. The shouts of the Spaniards might have been the shrill cries of little children at play. Bush saw the muskets levelled and fired, but the irregular volley sounded in his ears no louder than popguns.

The charge was sweeping the deck; Bush tried to spring forward to join with it, but his legs, strangely, would not move and his arms had no strength when he tried to lift himself up.

He saw the ferocious, bloody battle that was waged, a fight as wild and as irregular as the one that had preceded it, when little groups of men seemed to appear from nowhere and fling themselves into the struggle, sometimes on this side and sometimes on that. Now came another surge of men, nearly naked seamen with Silk at their head. Silk was swinging the rammer of a gun, a vast, unwieldy weapon, with which he struck out right and left at the Spaniards who broke before him. Another swirl and eddy in the fight; a Spanish soldier trying to run, limping, with a wounded thigh, and a British seaman with a boarding pike in pursuit, stabbing the wretched man under the ribs and leaving him moving feebly in the blood that poured from him.

Now the main-deck was clear save for the corpses that lay heaped upon it, although below decks he could hear the fight going on, shots and screams and crashes. It all seemed to die away. To allow himself to put his head down on his arm and forget his responsibilities might seem tempting, but just over the horizon of his conscious mind there were hideous nightmare things waiting to spring out on him, of which he was frightened, but it made him weaker still to struggle against them. His head was down on his arm, and it was a tremendous effort to lift it again. He tried to force himself to make it, to rise and deal with all the things that must be done. Now there was a hard voice speaking, painful to his ears.

"This 'ere's Mr. Bush, sir. 'Ere 'e is!"

Hands were lifting his head. The sunshine was agonizing as it poured into his eyes, and he closed his eyelids tight to keep it out.

"Bush! Bush!" Hornblower's voice, pleading and tender. "Bush, please speak to me."

Two gentle hands were holding his face between them. Bush could just separate his eyelids sufficiently to see Hornblower bending over him, but to speak called for more strength than he possessed. He could only shake his head a little, smiling because of the sense of comfort and security conveyed by Hornblower's hands.

The messenger knocked on the door and put his head inside the cabin. "Mr. Hornblower's respects, sir. The Admiral's flag is flying off Mosquito Point, an' we're just goin' to fire the salute, sir."

"Very good," said Bush. Lying on his cot, he had followed in his mind's eye all that had been going on in the ship. She was on the port tack at the moment and had clewed up all sail save topsails and jib. They must be inside Gun Key, then. He heard Hornblower's voice hailing. "Lee braces, there! Hands wear ship." He heard the grumble of the tiller ropes as the wheel was put over; they must be rounding Port Royal Point.

The *Renown* rose to a level keel—she had been heeling very slightly—and then lay over to port, so little that, lying on his cot, Bush could hardly feel it. Then came the bang of the first saluting gun; despite the kindly warning that Hornblower had sent down, Bush was taken sufficiently by surprise to start a little at the sound. He was as weak and nervous as a kitten, he told himself.

The ship fell oddly quiet again when the salute was over—he was nearly sure it had been fifteen guns; Lambert presumably had been promoted to vice-admiral.

"Tops'l sheets!" came Hornblower's voice from above. "Tops'l clue lines."

The ship must be gliding slowly to her anchorage.

"Helm a'lee!"

Turning into the wind would take her way off her.

"Silence, there in the waist!"

Bush could imagine how the hands would be excited and chattering at coming into harbour—the old hands would be telling the new ones about the grog shops and the unholy entertainments that Kingston, just up the channel, provided for seamen.

"Let go!"

That rumble and vibration; no sailor, not even one as matter of fact as Bush, could hear the sound of the cable roaring through the hawsehole without a certain amount of emotion. And this was a moment of very mixed and violent emotions. This was no homecoming; it might be the end of an incident, but it would be most certainly the beginning of a new series of incidents. The immediate future held the likelihood of calamity. Not the risk of death or wounds; Bush would have welcomed that as an alternative to the ordeal that lay ahead. Even in his weak state he could still feel the tension mount in his body as his mind tried to foresee the future.

He would like to move about, at least to fidget and wriggle if he could not walk, in an endeavour to ease that tension, but he could not even fidget while fifty-three stitches held together the half-closed gashes on his body. There would most certainly be an inquiry into the doings on board H.M.S. *Renown*, and there was a possibility of a court martial—of a whole series of courts martial—as a result.

Captain Sawyer was dead. Someone among the Spaniards, drunk with blood lust, at the time when the prisoners had tried to retake the ship, had struck down the wretched lunatic when they had burst into the cabin where he was confined.

It was a strange irony that at the moment a merciless hand had cut the madman's throat, some among the freed prisoners had spared Buckland, had taken him prisoner as he lay in his cot and bound him with his bedding, so that he lay helpless while the battle for his ship was being fought out to its bloody end. Buckland would have much to explain to a court of inquiry.

BUSH heard the pipes of the bos'n's mates and strained his ears to hear the orders given: "Gig's crew away! Hands to lower the gig!"

Buckland would, of course, be going off at once to report to the Admiral. And just as Bush came to that conclusion, Buckland came into the cabin. Naturally he was dressed with the utmost care, in spotless white trousers and his best uniform coat. He was smoothly shaved, and the formal regularity of his neckcloth was the best proof of the anxious attention he had given to it. He carried his cocked hat in his hand as he stooped under the deck beams, and his sword hung from his hip. But he could not speak immediately; he could only stand and stare at Bush. The eyes were glassy, and the lips were twitching. A man on his way to the gallows might look like that.

"You're going to make your report, sir?" asked Bush, after waiting for his superior to speak first.

"Yes," said Buckland. Besides his cocked hat, he held in his hand the sealed reports over which he had been labouring. Bush had been called in to help him compose the first, the anxious one regarding the displacement of Captain Sawyer from command; and his own personal report was embodied in the second one, redolent with conscious virtue, telling of the capitulation of the Spanish forces in Santo Domingo. But the third one, with its account of the uprising of the prisoners on board, and its confession that Buckland had been taken prisoner asleep in bed, had been written without Bush's help.

"I wish to God I was dead," said Buckland, tonelessly.

"Don't say that, sir," said Bush, as cheerfully as his own apprehensions and his weak state would allow.

"I wish I was," repeated Buckland.

"Your gig's alongside, sir," said Hornblower's voice. "And the prizes are just anchoring astern of us."

Buckland turned his dead-fish eyes towards him; Hornblower was not quite as neat in appearance, but had clearly gone to some pains with his uniform.

"Thank you," said Buckland, and then, after a pause, he asked his question explosively. "Tell me, Mr. Hornblower—this is the last chance—how did the captain come to fall down that hatchway?"

"I am quite unable to tell you, sir," said Hornblower. There was no hint whatever to be gleaned from his expressionless face or from the words he used.

"Now, Mr. Hornblower," said Buckland, nervously tapping the reports in his hand. "I'm treating you well. You'll find I've given you all the praise I could in these reports. I've given you full credit for what you did at Santo Domingo, and for boarding the ship when the prisoners rose. Full credit, Mr. Hornblower. Won't you—won't you——?"

"I really cannot add anything to what you already know, sir," said Hornblower.

"But what am I going to say when they start asking me?" said Buckland.

"Just say the truth, sir, that the captain was found under the hatchway and that no inquiry could establish any indication other than that he fell by accident."

"I wish I knew," said Buckland.

HORNBLOWER extended his hand and picked a thread of oakum from Buckland's lapel before he went on speaking. "Your pardon, sir. You know all that will ever be known, sir. The admiral will be overjoyed at hearing we've wiped out the Dons at Samaná, sir. He's probably been worrying himself grey-haired over convoys in the Mona Passage. And we've brought three prizes in. He'll have his one-eighth of their value. You can't believe he'll resent that, can you, sir?"

"I suppose not," said Buckland.

"He'll have seen the prizes coming in with us—everyone in the flagship's looking at them now and wondering about them. He'll be expecting good news. He'll be in no mood to ask questions this morning, sir. Except perhaps to ask you if you'll take Madeira or sherry."

For the life of him Bush could not guess whether Hornblower's smile was natural or not, but he was a witness of the infusion of new spirit into Buckland.

"But later on——" said Buckland.

"Later on's another day, sir. We can be sure of one thing, though—admirals don't like to be kept waiting, sir."

"I suppose I'd better go," said Buckland.

Hornblower returned to Bush's cabin after having supervised the departure of the gig. This time his smile was clearly not forced; it played whimsically about the corners of his mouth.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Bush. He tried to ease his position under the sheet that covered him.

"You're quite right, sir," said Hornblower, stooping over him and adjusting the sheet. "There's nothing to laugh at."

"Then take that damned grin off your face," said Bush, petulantly.

"Aye, aye, sir. Is there anything else I can do?"

"No," said Bush.

"Very good, sir. I'll attend to my other duties, then."

Alone in his cabin, Bush rather regretted Hornblower's absence. As far as his weakness would permit, he would have liked to discuss the immediate future; he lay and thought about it, muzzy-mindedly, while the sweat soaked the bandages that swathed him.

A lob-lolly boy—sick berth attendant—came in with a tray that bore a jug and a glass. He

Continued on page 37

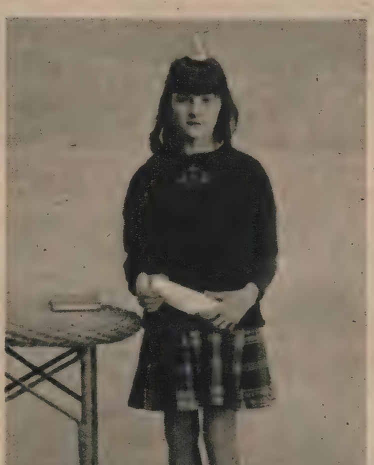
FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

THIS photo means a great deal to me. It symbolizes the change in my fortune and all that happened in my life afterwards.

Only a year or so before, I had been a wretched, wild, unkempt child, insecure, ill-educated, under-nourished and desperately poor. Now we had settled in Boulder City, Western Australia, and my father had a job in the gold mines at last.

I was at St. Joseph's Convent, the scene of this photo, and for the occasion I had a kilt made of bits and pieces, including an old curtain. I even had my own new shoes instead of wearing cast-offs or going barefoot. But my highest pride was in the certificate I held in my hands, a reward for playing the piano.

I lived only for the piano. The other girls at the convent were poor, but I was poorest of all. They laughed at my clothes and untutored speech, and they laughed at my learning the piano, knowing that my parents could ill afford the sixpence a week that it cost.



Besides, I presumed above my age in trying for an intermediate certificate, and I had to borrow an older girl's music to prepare for the exam, to the bewilderment of the examiner, who passed me with honours, nevertheless.

The following year I went to Perth and took more advanced lessons. Then, helped by a public subscription fund of £900, I went on to Leipzig.

It was a long way from the tent in Tasmania where I was born, a long way from the children of St. Joseph's Convent, and a long way from Twink, my pet kangaroo. I was homesick, perhaps, but I had my piano and my music.

Today she is a leading pianist. For her name, turn to page 42.

Budge, Mrs. Wheeler's talking budgerigar, is introduced to a visitor. He can say sixteen words

Mrs. Wheeler's surprising hobby

by DAL STIVENS

You never know what the next budgerigar egg will bring forth, she says. It might even be a chick with a valuable new colour

ONE NIGHT A FEW WEEKS AGO Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Wheeler of Cheam drove out to London Airport to collect an important small parcel. Though Wheeler is a glove manufacturer, this trip had nothing to do with business, but with their hobby of budgerigar fancying. The parcel, with airholes, "Fragile" notices and lots of cotton wool, contained a dozen eggs, sent airmail by a fancier in the United States, of a new crested type of budgerigar.

By airmail a few days earlier, the Wheelers had sent sixteen eggs to the American fancier. Americans (along with the rest of the world) are keen to get British stock, and are ready to pay twenty-five dollars each for eggs. This is partly due to import restrictions on the birds for fear of parrot fever (psittacosis).

"They blame parrots for it, but it has to be proved," says Wheeler hotly. "If there was anything in it, you'd think that budgerigar fanciers would get it, but I've heard of only one case in twenty-five years—and that one has to be proved, too."

To beat the ban, fanciers sometimes smuggle birds into the United States. An American, over here on holiday with orders from his wife to take back some British birds, bought six young budgerigars of quality, plucked out their tail feathers (which would grow again), and put them in small cardboard boxes with plenty of airholes. Before boarding his New York plane he strapped the boxes under his armpits. He got safely through the Customs, though not without anxious moments when the birds seemed to cheep more loudly than was necessary.

At the last National Exhibition of Cage Birds at Olympia, 6,000 fanciers competed; in the United Kingdom more than 20,000 are members of the Budgerigar Society and its eleven affiliated area societies. Not all these fanciers are in such a big way as the Wheelers, who have one of the largest private collections in Britain.

The Wheeler house and aviaries, on a two-acre plot in Onslow Avenue, Cheam, provide a home for 500 budgerigars, 300 fowls, twenty geese, twelve pheasants, three cats and a dog. The quality of the birds is world-renowned. Every week letters come from overseas—even from Australia, the home of the birds—seeking Wheeler stock. They have won almost every worthwhile trophy in the budgerigar world.

Behind the Wheelers' success is the experience of twenty-five years, going back to the days when they started their first aviary in a large garage. Part of the hobby's fascination for them lies in the unexpected. "You never know what the next nest is going to bring forth," says Mrs. Wheeler. "You may discover a chick with a new colour, or one that fulfils certain ideals of type you have been aiming at."

Budgerigars are ready to mate when a year old, and many pairings along modern genetic lines can be carried out in a few years. Some of the birds in the Wheeler aviaries have pedigrees which, in human terms, stretch as far back as the Norman Conquest.

The original budgerigar of Australia is a rather plain green bird, about the size of a sparrow, with black markings on the wings. From this tiny bird, known variously in Australia as the budgerigar, undulated-parakeet, zebra-parakeet, shell-parrot, warbling grass-parakeet, scallop-parrot and a few other names, fanciers have bred a dazzling array of colours. They range from violet, light and dark green, olive, sky blue, mauve, cobalt, and other colour varieties to white. There are the pieds, too—such as white wings on a blue body and yellow wings on a green body. There are sixty-odd standardized varieties, and the experts are trying to evolve more.

Pink "Will-o'-the-wisp"

One fancier at Mitcham, Surrey, E. W. Brooks, is causing some excitement by his promising efforts to breed a black budgerigar—the coveted goal of breeders for many years. "He has bred some very dark grey ones and seems to be definitely on the way," says Wheeler.

Other breeders are seeking a red or pink bird, though Wheeler declares it is "only a will-o'-the-wisp." A few years ago a number of leading fanciers went racing by train, car and bus to a Midland city, following rumours that an amateur had bred pink budgerigars. Some travelled as far as a hundred miles. The birds were pink all right—but only temporarily. The amateur, who worked in a confectionery factory, had been feeding his birds with a pink dye used for marzipan. The dye, mixed with the food, had got smeared all over the birds—but it came off when they were washed.

Dyes in food will not make birds breed pink offspring, as the amateur hoped, but doubtless, at this moment, some optimistic breeder is trying it, just in case.

When eggs are slow in hatching some breeders dip them in warm water and then replace them under the hen. Many years ago a fancier popped an egg, by error, into piping hot water and hastily nipped it out. From that egg came the first albino budgerigar born in this country. Although the geneticists said it was pure coincidence and had nothing to do with the hot water, thousands of fanciers tried it—without success.

First Yellow, Then Blue

The points of a good bird are as definite as those of a prize cocker, Scotch terrier or Arab. "What we aim for is a bold round head with a well-set eye," says Wheeler. "We want a bird with a deep mask and large spots, a deep chest and broad shoulders, and tapering away gracefully to the tail. The body colour must be even, and so must the markings."

Budgerigars were first introduced from Australia into Britain in 1840. In the following years many thousands were trapped and brought to Europe. There was great excitement among breeders when a yellow bird appeared in a Belgian aviary round about 1870. The first blue budgerigar appeared in Holland in 1881. Other new colours followed. By mating and careful selection, breeders began to evolve new shades and combinations of colours—greywings, whites, olives, cobalt greywings, mauve greywings. It became a kind of intellectual game like chess

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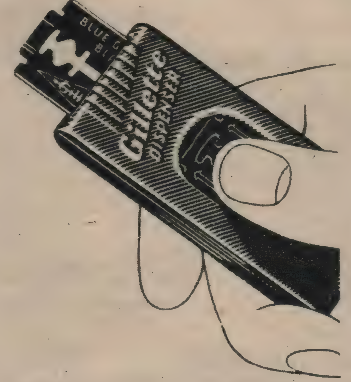

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in which, theoretically, breeders could map out their moves.

Something like a budgerigar boom happened in the middle twenties, when Japanese fanciers began paying very big prices for new colours.

"The price of skyblues rose to about £100 a pair—for any skyblue," says Wheeler. "The Japanese paid £150 a pair for whites, cobalts and mauves. One high figure was £175 in 1927 paid by a Japanese fancier for a pair of skyblues. A member of the Japanese Royal House is said to have bid a fabulous sum for a pair of white birds which failed to reach Japan alive."

In 1925 the Budgerigar Society was founded and in 1927, at its second show, prices of single birds in the blue and cobalt classes ranged from £50 to £175; in pairs from £100 to £500. This section of the show was nicknamed "millionaire's corner." Some of the prices were set by owners who did not want to sell their birds—a practice that is still followed at exhibitions. Nevertheless, sales for cobalts and mauves at £175 a pair and £200 for whites were recorded at that time.

"Very often these big prices were paid for quite ordinary birds," comments Wheeler. "Comparable prices are paid today, but only for outstanding birds. I did hear recently of three pairs sold for £1,000, but these were exceptional birds."

Argument With Judge

Competition is keen among fanciers, but judges' decisions are generally accepted in good spirit. After he has finished it is customary for a judge to stay on and justify his verdicts to any exhibitor who may dispute them. At one show a bespectacled judge was confronted by an exhibitor, also wearing glasses, who demanded to be told why his bird had not won. The debate went on for some minutes, at the end of which the exhibitor said: "I can't understand it. That bird is absolutely first class."

"Well, it isn't, looked at through my glasses," said the judge, essaying a metaphorical flight which he thought would finish the discussion.

Shaking with rage, the exhibitor pulled off his own glasses, thrust them at the judge and shouted: "Try mine!"

Thefts from aviaries are fairly frequent. "We had our losses until we got Rex," says Wheeler. Rex is a big Alsatian who is not over-friendly to visitors until they have been introduced to him by his master or mistress. He roams the grounds at night, to foil thieves who know that prize budgerigars are valuable.

Some years ago a champion bird was missed from its cage at an exhibition—and rescued from the pocket of a fancier. Recently, at Birmingham, a judge recognized a bird in a novice class as one that had been stolen from the aviaries of another breeder a year earlier. The man who exhibited the bird had bought it in all innocence.

On their two acres, the Wheelers grow chickweed, spinach and a wild grass, persicaria, for seed. "Green food, such as spinach, is an important part of the bird's diet," says Mrs. Wheeler, "and we rub in a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil to a pint of seed."

The discovery that persicaria seeds would feed budgerigars helped during the difficult war years. Before the war most of the canary and white millet seed was imported, and prices rose to 35s. a pound. Today, home grown canary and millet seed costs about a shilling a pound.

Seed that had become polluted in transit by disinfectant caused tragedies in the Wheeler aviaries some time ago. "We lost seventy-five birds," says Mrs. Wheeler. "They frothed at the mouth and tumbled from the perches."

Royal Family's Birds

The maintenance of 500 birds is a big job. Mrs. Wheeler does it with the help of an odd-job man. There is plenty of work when the young birds have hatched. They have all to be ringed with an aluminium ring issued by the Budgerigar Society.

"In addition, I ring each bird on the other leg with another ring, indicating the strain of the dominant bird in its breeding," says Mrs. Wheeler. "Of course, I also keep detailed pedigrees in special books."

The Royal Family has an interest in budgerigars. The King has some birds at Sandringham, and Princess Elizabeth exhibited some of hers from Windsor at the last show at Olympia. The Duke of Bedford is another fancier. At Woburn Abbey he is trying to evolve a strain of homing budgerigars which will fly in the garden and return to the aviary to roost and breed.

"Budgerigars are good talkers, but you have to segregate them from their fellows," says Mrs. Wheeler. She has Budge to support her claim. Budge lives in the Wheelers' lounge among the silver cups his owners have won, and has a vocabulary of sixteen words. Mrs. Wheeler admits that he is a moderate performer compared with Billy Peach, a talkative parakeet of Sydney who had a vocabulary of 300 words, sang "God Save the King," was a radio star and earned his owner £15 a week before the war at large department stores.

Though some birds can be expensive, and few can be expected to earn £15 a week, the hobby is not out of reach of the average man. Birds can be bought from pet shops at £2 to £2 10s. each, and at sales classes at the exhibition good birds can be bought for £5 or £6.

"The initial outlay may seem a lot," say the Wheelers, "but it is one of the few hobbies which pay their way—or some of it. The birds are prolific breeders. We bred thirteen from our original pair." THE END

Darkness lifts from the mental hospital

GRAYLINGWELL IS A LONG STEP FORWARD from the old horrors of the lunatic asylum. In a pleasant country-house atmosphere, patients play games, go for walks, visit local cinemas—and receive new treatments which have had dramatic results.

Eric Bennett has visited Graylingwell, its occupational therapy wards and its operating theatres. In JOHN BULL next week, in the first of two important articles, he describes how medical science is bringing new hope to the mentally ill.

THE ORSON WELLES THEME

Continued from page 11

about the more intimate details of this marriage of what Hollywood was soon calling "The Beauty and the Brain," although Miss Hayworth did announce two years later when they were divorced: "I couldn't take it any longer. Nobody can live with a genius twenty-four hours a day."

Welles has always been moody. Those who live or work with him scowl when he scowls, smile when he smiles. He can be "difficult" one minute, and extravagantly anxious to please everyone the next. He likes his own way and sweeps aside opposition. Shortly after his marriage he announced that he would make a thriller called *The Lady From Shanghai,* starring Rita Hayworth. He also announced that for this one film Miss Hayworth would have her world-famous red hair cut and that she would appear as a blonde. He battled with the studio over this until, grudgingly, they gave in, designed an upswept sophisticated hairdo in a new colour called "topaz blue" and called in the Press to witness the ceremony.

Swimming Pool Highbrows

While higher studio executives and Orson Welles looked on, a famous hair stylist specially flown to Hollywood from New York snipped timidly. Everyone watched with bated breath. At one point the stylist hesitated. "More," bellowed Welles, "more. Cut much more." Then he supervised the rest of the process until he was satisfied.

Home life, too, was complicated and restless. Instead of carefree actors and agents, the Hayworth-Welles swimming pool was filled with highly argumentative political writers, authors and deep thinkers. The new Mrs. Welles, anxious to please, studied books on philosophy, politics and literature, and dutifully tried to turn herself into a good listener during the long nightly sessions of highbrow argument.

"One thing at least Rita learned from her marriage with Orson," said an American writer at the time of their divorce. "She learned that there was other literature in the world besides *Forever Amber.*"

"They not only give you a pension in this office, but you age here more quickly"

Welles's working habits have always been eccentric. For months he may sleep not more than four hours a night. He has been known to work for seventy-two hours non-stop on a film script, fortified only by cups of strong, sweet tea. Two years ago, after a hard day's filming in Venice, he flew to London in the evening, took Jean Simmons ("now there is a lovely, gracious, unspoilt girl for you") to a West End night club, returned to his hotel at 4.30 a.m. and worked the clock round on various film and radio stories.

Besides personal quirks, the long-enforced separations while they both lived their own professional lives did nothing to help his marriage to Rita Hayworth. When they divorced Rita was given custody of their blue-eyed daughter Rebecca. Shortly afterwards, Orson Welles turned his back on America and started his fantastic career of film, radio and stage productions in Europe which his bedevilled accountants now refer to as "this crazy Wellesian shoe-string empire."

Since the war, Welles has acted in other people's films so that he can earn money to make his own. From the *Prince of Foxes,* in which he played with Tyrone Power, he received £25,000, every penny of which went to pay for his film production of *Othello,* which took him two years to make. To earn more money, he accepted the part of Harry Lime in Carol Reed's *The Third Man.*

Much to his annoyance, it is as Harry Lime that most people know him. Until he put a stop to it, orchestras burst into the "theme" every time he entered a restaurant. Even now revellers in night clubs creep up on him and sing "Bahoing dahoing-dahoing Gadoing."

During this period, Rita Hayworth, too, had been making the headlines with her marriage to Aly Khan, the birth of their child, Jasmine, and their subsequent separation and divorce proceedings, during which a lot of people said a lot of hard words about her. When this happened, Welles, incensed at the world's unfairness, decided for once to break his silence.

Hayworth—By Welles

"Rita," he said, measuring every word, "is a nice girl, a lovely, unspoiled and natural girl. There is no harm in her and the idea that she entered into a serious thing like marriage just for the fun or the publicity of it is rubbish. No. Look right through Rita Hayworth's life and you will find that she has always been genuinely honest and thoroughly natural. Remember, Rita Hayworth is a legend—and it's hard being a legend."

Welles has no illusion that the world regards him, too, as a legend. "I know people think of me as a rebel and a freak," he said a few weeks ago. "Yet all I'm trying is to be myself. Behind the build-up Somerset Maugham has the same simplicity. Bernard Shaw had it, too."

That is George Orson Welles by George Orson Welles. Other people, not usually given to turn geese into swans, hold a similar opinion. One of them is Richard Wright, the great Negro writer and dramatist, who now lives in Paris.

"One Orson Welles is enough," he says. "Two of them would no doubt bring civilization to an end. If there were ten thousand Orson Welles, society itself would fly apart like an exploding bomb." THE END

THE DAM BUSTERS

Continued from page 13

of the quarry seemed to burst open.

The flak got Edwards on the run-up. A shell exploded in the port wing and the tanks caught fire. The others saw the Lancaster lose height slowly for a few seconds and then the nose dropped into a steep dive and she went over on her back. Two parachutes came out before she hit and the tallboy blew up. It was the first crew the squadron had lost for weeks. Several men had been wounded in the air, and a few aircraft written off, but for some weeks death had taken a holiday, the longest holiday it ever took in the squadron.

When he landed back at Woodhall, Cheshire found a Mustang waiting. Sharp's American friends had promptly said: "Sure!" And an American pilot had flown one over. The pilot explained the cockpit to Cheshire and left him inspecting his new toy. It was only then he began to realize what he had taken on. He had never flown an American aircraft before; in fact he had not flown a single-engined aircraft since his early training days, five years before. He had never flown a single-engined fighter at all, nor had he had to do his own navigation for years.

Cheshire decided that before he took it for a practice flip he would try to learn a little more about it, but those prudent hopes crashed in the morning when Cochrane ordered the squadron off for the Siracourt rocket site. They found then that the smoke markers would not fit in the racks under the Mustang's wings, and the armourers worked like furies rigging a makeshift wire contraption to hold the markers on. One of the navigators helped Cheshire work out his courses, and he wrote them on a piece of paper and strapped it to his knee. He took off in the Mustang half an hour early, to get the feel of it, but did not try any practice landings; there was too much chance of breaking on his first landing, and if he was going to do that, he preferred it to be after the raid.

Extra Diving Speed

From the start, the Mustang delighted him, and inside half an hour he felt he had the "feel" of it. She was lighter than the Mosquito and there was no comparison at all with a Lancaster. From 7,000 feet he spotted the concrete slab that protected the underground Siracourt rocket dump, and when the bombers reached marshalling point he dived to 500 feet, revelling in the way the Mustang picked up speed, and put his smoke bombs within a few feet of the concrete. Someone put a tallboy through the middle of the slab, and it pierced sixteen feet of ferro-concrete before it exploded.

Night had fallen when they got back from Siracourt, and Cheshire's first Mustang landing had to be in the dark. He remembers little about it (in the same way that a man who bales out never remembers pulling the ripcord) except that suddenly the little fighter was rolling smoothly on the runway, to his mild surprise.

Aiming From Miles Back

If 617's bombing seems monotonously "dead-eye," remember that they dropped their bombs at nearly 200 m.p.h., 18,000 feet up and several miles back from the little squares of concrete that merged with the earth and were usually unseen by the bomb aimer. From that height and distance even the white square on a bombing range looks the size of a pinhead. Cheshire's smoke-bombs were a good aiming point but usually the ground haze veiled the smoke. No other squadron could have done it.

Grey cloud still hung over the Pas de Calais. It was forming over the North Sea and blowing over the land, and 617 stood by at dawn every day waiting for it to lift while the buzz-bombs and rockets fell on London. To the south the invasion was locked in the bridgehead, and even if they broke out, the Seine still barred the way to the rocket sites. In London the nation's leaders (though not the unaware people) waited anxiously in case the mystery sites started up.

Several times the crews ran to the aircraft and once actually took off, but the cancellation came instantly. The raids a squadron did never reflected the ordeal behind them, the nerve-fraying sequence of briefing every morning about 5 a.m., followed by postponement, by stand-by, ready to take off when the order came, never knowing if one would still be alive by nightfall. And then the dusk would come, bringing release till 5 a.m. the next morning. It went on like that day after day. Often they took off and battled through the flak and fighters only to find the target lost under cloud so that they had to bring their bombs back, to be ready at dawn next day.

Cheshire had done ninety-eight raids now. At the ruling casualty rate he was living strictly on borrowed time. Statistically he should have been killed for certain four times. Arthur Pollen, the Woodhall intelligence officer, asked him how he felt about it, and Cheshire answered: "You don't feel the strain, Arthur. You keep on going more or less automatically and don't worry." Pollen noticed, as he was talking, that Cheshire's right eye was twitching, but Cheshire was not aware of it.

At last, on July 4, the weather cleared. Not a moment too soon. London was taking a beating. As the clouds rolled away over France, 617 took off to hit back, target this time being the big store of rockets and buzzbombs in a cave at Creil, near Paris. It ran deep under a hill, with at least twenty-five feet of chalk and clay over it, and the idea was both to collapse it and seal it up.

Cheshire dived to 200 feet and aimed his markers accurately. Several tallboys then smashed through the cave roof with great ease; others collapsed the entrance and wrecked the railway that brought the rockets into the cave.

Next afternoon to Mimoyecques, where the Germans had the most deadly secret weapon of all. There they were sinking the fantastic gun barrels of the V3 500 feet into the ground to fire 600 tons of explosive a day on London. The War Cabinet still did not know this, they only knew it was one of Hitler's secret weapon sites. From above it was nearly invisible, a thirty by twenty yards square of camouflaged concrete shielding the gun tunnels beneath.

An hour before dusk Cheshire, in the Mustang, found the spot in the chalk hills behind Calais, dived and lobbed his markers on it. When the tallboys came down he saw one direct hit and four "very near misses" which were probably more effective. The V3 never opened up.

New Leader Takes Over

A message, summoning him to Cochrane, met him when he landed, and he drove straight over to Group. Cochrane said tersely when he walked in: "I've been looking at the records and find you've done a hundred trips. Now you've solved the marking problem I think it's time you had a rest. I've managed to get hold of Tait to take over the squadron."

Cheshire opened his mouth to argue, and Cochrane said: "It's no use arguing . . . Sorry, but there it is. A hundred is a good number to stop at." He went on and thanked him, quietly and with no flowery nonsense, and dropped another bombshell: "I'm taking Shannon, Munro and McCarthy off, too. They've been going continuously for two years and it's time they came off."

There were, as Cheshire expected, protests from Shannon, Munro and McCarthy, but from that moment they were changed men, gayer but in a less violent way, and only then he realized that the strain had been telling on his three durable flight commanders. They had earned a rest, all of them had D.S.O.s, D.F.C.s and Bars.

Willie Tait arrived to take over. Tait was a Welshman, belonging to no recognizable type but with a unique Celtic streak of his own. Smoothly brown-skinned and slim with straight black hair, he had his own brand of introspection and dry wit. He had a habit of saying nothing at all for long stretches of time, standing with his mouth primly pursed, a half-can of beer held in extraordinary fashion under his armpit, his arm curled round, and the glass caught between his hand and wrist. If he opened his mouth at all it was to stick a large pipe in it and hold it tightly to his mouth with his whole hand clenched over the stem, as though he were trying to hold thoughts inside himself. He was twenty-six, had two D.S.O.s and a D.F.C.

The cloud was back over France, so that for ten days there was no bombing, a lucky reprieve for the rocket sites, but at least it gave the squadron a chance to settle down under the new leaders and Tait a chance to learn the marking technique in the Mustang.

On July 17, Met. reported the clouds rolling away, and a couple of hours later 617 was on the way to Wizernes. For this, his first marking effort, Tait flew one of the Mosquitoes with Danny Walker as navigator. Thick haze lay over the ground and they circled a long time in the flak before they could faintly pick up the great blockhouse merging with the torn earth. Tait dived from 7,000 to 500 feet before he let his smoke marker go, accurately, and Fawke backed up. A few minutes later, both Knights and Fearns got direct hits with tallboys, and several more tallboys sent up awe-inspiring eruptions forty to fifty yards away, more or less where Wallis preferred them.

"You stay out of this!"

More days of waiting for the weather, and on July 20 they went back to Wizernes. Tait, flying the Mustang for the first time on business, found wisps of broken cloud drifting over the area and thick haze on the ground. A lot of flak was coming up, he dived through it and lobbed his smoke markers, pulled steeply up to 4,000 feet, looked down and could only just see the smoke drifts. Obviously the bombers, miles back at 18,000 feet, would never see it, and so he did an unheard-of thing: called up the bombers and said: "Try and aim at me," then dived into the bursting flak directly over the blockhouse and circled it at 1,000 feet, hoping the glinting of his wings would draw the eyes of the bomb-aimers to the spot.

Luck Was On His Side

The Mustang shook in the shell-blasts, and little holes suddenly appeared in the wings and fuselage as machine-gun bullets and shrapnel punched through. Two bullets went through the petrol tank (which was self-sealing) and just missed the Glycol coolant tank (which was not), and even then the bomb-aimers did not see him. They called up on their bombing runs and said they could not identify a thing, and Tait at last swung away out of the flak, an extremely lucky young man to be still airborne and personally unpunctured. The squadron turned and brought their tallboys back home.

They waited five more days for the cloud to clear and then went to Watten. Tait again flew the Mustang. Murderous flak came spitting up all round the blockhouse, but this time, for the first time in weeks, there was neither haze nor cloud, and in the crystal-clear air the target stood out so clearly that the bomb-aimers reported they could see it from miles back and Tait did not have to mark.

They had half-hour delay fuses on the tallboys that day, so they saw no explosions. Fawke lingered near the spot with a camera in his Mosquito and brought back beautiful photographs of the eruptions . . . five direct hits and half a dozen *very* near misses. The squadron did not escape scot-free. Three aircraft were badly hit by flak, one gunner died, his throat cut by flak, and one aircraft had to jettison its tallboy.

Sealing Up The Tunnel

Again they waited for the weather, and on July 31 flew to deal with a flying bomb storage dump in a railway tunnel near Rilly La Montagne. Once more the air was crystal clear, no marking was needed and they caved in each entrance to the tunnel with their uncanny accuracy. They lost one of their most distinguished crews this day. Flight-Lieutenant Jock Reid had won a V.C. on a previous tour. He was a quiet young man, bashful about the red ribbon under his wings. Flak got his Lancaster as they were driving up to the target, and only two parachutes came out.

Next day they tried to go back to Siracourt, but once more the cloud beat them and they brought their bombs back. Actually, it did not matter. The battle of the rocket sites was over. The liberating armies burst out and reached the Pas de Calais area, and, as it happened, there was nothing for them to do about the rocket sites except stare in wonder. 617 had destroyed them.

At Watten they found that tallboys had smashed the roof and wrecked the building inside so badly that the Germans had abandoned it.

The great rocket assembly and launching site at Wizernes was reduced to rubble. The 10,000-ton dome on top was knocked off its foundations, the launching tunnels below had caved in, and so had most of the maze of galleries where men were to have lived and stored and fired their rockets.

At Creil they found that the deep, limestone caves which were to have protected their rockets and "buzz-bombs" had collapsed for hundreds of yards and buried them instead. Much the same at Rilly La Montagne. A tallboy had gone right through the sixteen foot concrete roof at Siracourt, exploded beneath it and wrecked it.

Most spectacular was the wreckage at Mimoyecques, the V3 site. One tallboy had ripped a corner off the twenty-foot thick concrete roof and completely blocked the left hand gun shaft. A near miss had collapsed the right-hand shaft and shaken the remaining shaft out of plumb. Five hundred feet down when the bombers came, 300 workers had been sheltering in what they must have thought was complete safety. They are still there, entombed.

Hitler had squandered men and materials to shield his "impregnable" rocket sites, only to find, too late, that, for all the fabulous concrete on top, his Festung Europa had no roof . . . all because a stubborn, white-haired old scientist in 1939 would not believe that the world's experts were right about bombing.

When the first cannonball smashed a breach in a castle wall it was not only the stonework that fell: it also burst the bulwarks of the powerful isolationist barons and was the beginning of the end of the feudal system. And when the first tallboy fell on Watten it not only pierced the shield of the secret weapons but stripped another layer of protection from Germany. Hitler could not, or would not, believe it, and tried to build more protection on top. He sent nearly 10,000 workmen to the great U-boat pens at Hamburg, Bremen, Ijmuiden and Bergen to pile more concrete on top. They already had ferro-concrete roofs sixteen feet thick, but the Germans wanted to increase it to thirty feet.

Wallis Mistaken For A Spy

It was logical that Churchill should send Wallis over to France to see what his tallboys had done, with an eye to what they might do in the future. After Churchill, Wallis was one of the first few to go over there as a civilian. He refused to wear uniform. "What's the use of uniform to an old man?" he said. "Good heavens, I couldn't even stand being tortured." So he went in a dirty old raincoat and grey slacks, and an American major wanted to arrest him in France as a spy.

The Calais area had not yet been properly cleared, but Wallis was so fascinated by the great blockhouses and the damage that he pottered about abstractedly, oblivious of the guns going off all round. When he flew home they took him to "Bomber" Harris's office in the trees near High Wycombe and the chief of Bomber Command silently showed him photographs of the workmen swarming over the U-boat pens at Hamburg, Bremen and Ijmuiden.

"Looks as though we're going to have some more substantial targets," Harris said. "After what you've seen of the rocket sites, do you think a tallboy could cope with these?"

"I think one or two tallboys broke up on the concrete," Wallis said. "If we're going to have something still bigger to deal with, I think we should throw something bigger at them." He added artlessly: "Something like a ten-tonner. I've been suggesting a ten-tonner for some time."

Harris looked at him. He said after a while: "Mr Wallis, I said once you could sell me a pink elephant. I think perhaps this time you might at last sell your ten-tonner."

Harris could not make the final decision himself. There were conferences with Sir Stafford Cripps (Minister of Aircraft Production) first, but in a very short time Cripps decided they would go ahead with the ten ton bomb.

That was a *very* satisfying day in Wallis's life.

NEXT WEEK Willie Tait leads his crews to Russia

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HOME FOR ETHEL THOMSON

Continued from page 16

crying. "This is the sorest place," he said with a certain detachment, putting his forefinger on the exact spot down below his belly-button to the right.

There could not be doubt any more now, when the pain had localized after twenty-four hours. That was what the book said—that and the nausea and moderate fever.

"The doctor's coming in a plane," she said. "He'll fix you up quick, and then you and Archie can catch me some fish for dinner." It did not come out clear and true; she bungled the saying of it.

"Did the doctor come for John and Margaret?"

"There weren't doctors with planes going hundreds and hundreds of miles an hour, then. Go to sleep, darling."

He did close his eyes. Perhaps he had said it without thought, or perhaps he had felt and forgotten a childlike jab of fear which made him say that, of all things. But she did not forget as she waited for him to be quiet. He lay almost still, turning his head from side to side, saying a word now and a word again, the key words of a six-year-old.

She went out to the porch and woke Matthew, the breed, who was curled up on the boards, his head on his cap. "I'm going to the warehouse for a minute, Matthew. Will you listen for Bobby?"

"Okay, Mis' Thomson." Matthew had that faculty for sliding in and out of sleep. "How is he?"

"Quite bad, Matthew. Just call across if he wants me."

"Okay."

SHE found Jim sorting rats, crinkling the reversed skins and separating them by size and quality. She remembered seeing him do that twenty-two years ago when she had just arrived at the mission, and every year since they were married, always with an impersonal economy and sureness which made you feel that it was impossible for Jim to make a mistake or for his hands to make a mistake—take up the skin, turn it over for scars or shot holes, snap it between the fingers and thumbs, flick to the pile, and on to the next one, perhaps two seconds for each.

Jim finished grading. He counted and stacked each pile and stood up. He and the old Indian looked equally impassive for a moment. Then the man began to speak.

Ethel had never learned Slavey. She was not interested now. She was thinking of other things and in a hurry to speak to Jim, but she asked all the same. "What does he say?"

The Indian was silent again. He had dignity, looking down.

"Says he hurt his foot at Easter, missed half the spring hunt. So can I give him a good price. . . . I'll do the best I can for you, Joe, but they're all shot rats, and late." He repeated that in Slavey. The man said nothing while Jim worked out on a scrap of paper. "Two hundred and twenty-four dollars"—one quick casual glance.

Joe hesitated, then grunted and nodded his head. He looked quite pleased. "I'll be over to the office in a minute." Joe scuffled off in his moccasins.

"How's Bobby?" Jim asked.

"The pain has gone down to his right side, and he's lightheaded now. It must be appendicitis, Jim. What about the doctor?"

"I went up half an hour ago. No more word from Simpson. They'll have to wait for the fog to clear, Ethel. He'll be here as soon as he can." Jim did not look at her. He looked round the cluttered warehouse, and his face was heavy. Jim didn't really care. Jim didn't know what it was, because he was a man.

"Bobby asked me if the doctor came for John and Margaret."

"Did he say that?" He looked straight at her, and she knew, as she had known all along, that Jim did care in his slow way. "Try not to worry too much, Ethel. You're exhausted; you ought to sleep a little. Look, I'll come over to the house as soon as I've fixed Joe up."

"I don't want to sleep. I want the doctor for Bobby." Then Ethel jumped the chasm. She said quietly: "I hate this place. I hate this river and this north country. I hate it."

Jim stared at her, strange now after the twenty-odd years they had lived together, stranger than at the beginning.

But he said kindly: "You haven't been out for a long time, Ethel. You ought to take a trip. You and Bobby ought to take a trip to the old country when he's better."

"Yes, I'll take him there," she said, and went over to the door. "Now I'm going to the Signals. I won't be long. You stay with Bobby till I come back."

But not for a trip, she thought. I'll take Bobby, if Bobby. . . . And Jim won't mind. He'll get some little half-breed girl to make him happy, if he hasn't got one already, which he may well have, for all the attention he pays me. Small wonder when you consider my shape and my face and my clothes, and I haven't even pressed these slacks for a fortnight; not that men are interested in slacks *per se*. Remember what father said when I was nineteen. "Ethel," he said, "for Pete's sake smarten yourself up. You look like the backside of a tram." He said the most shattering things.

Here were the Signals buildings, wires all converging on the radio hut. "CJB . . . CJB . . . CJB," the enunciated voice, like a machine, yet cooing, was saying. "CXZ to CJB . . . CXZ to CJB," and then a mumble and a pause. "CXZ to CJB. How do you read me? Over."

"I read you loud and clear. I read you loud and clear." Always twice over in a crazy way, not human.

The boy glanced at her and went on with his strange job.

Eventually he stopped sending messages; the radio crackle died away; he ran his fingers through his long hair.

"I wondered if you'd heard any more of the doctor." She gabbled it.

"Afraid not, Mrs. Thomson." He

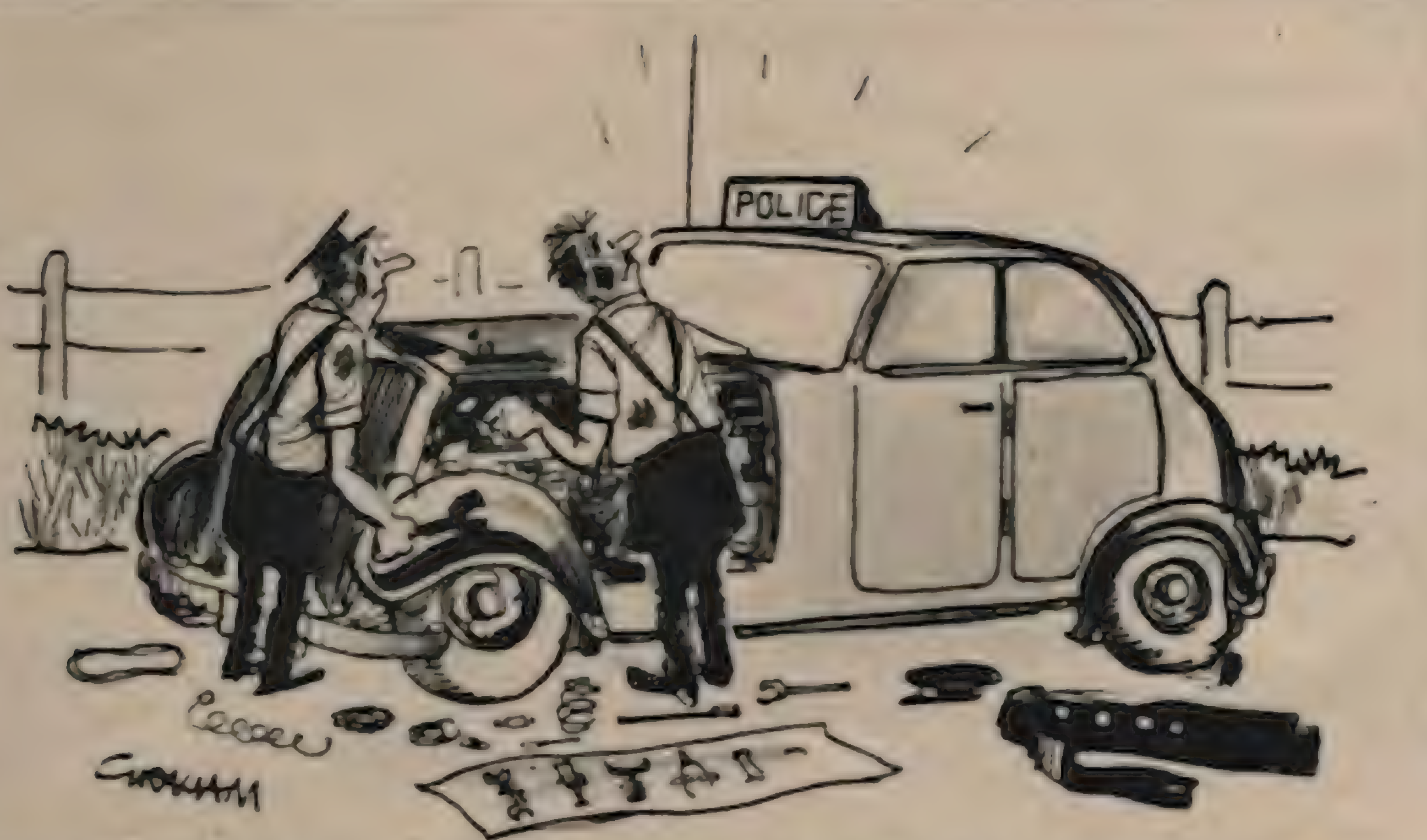
THE HUMAN MACHINE

Down the crevasse

LORD MOUNTEVANS—Evans of the Broke—wrote: "People whom I dislike I drop down a mythical crevasse of unfathomable depth—and try to keep them down it, out of my sight."

I do that, too. I've no time to waste on such a futile thing as dislike. I'm too busy with the people I like. As far as I am concerned, they are the ones who make life worth living.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



"Calling car thirty-nine. . . . Proceed with all possible speed to junction of High Street and London Road. . . . Proceed with . . ."

wasn't unkind. He would be still sorrier for her if she had not come so often. Probably he even had a vague idea of what happened to mothers when their kids were sick.

"Couldn't you try again?"

"I keep trying all the time, but there's a lot of traffic. I'll come and tell you the moment I hear." He turned back to his knobs and his jiggling key.

The radios and planes made it worse, not better. In the old days you could pray to God—to God, who was pitiless. She shouldn't say that; she shouldn't make God angry when Bobby perhaps was going to die. But now you prayed to a radio operator or to a doctor in a plane in a fog of smoke. They were the ones who did it or didn't do it, and his appendix might be bursting this very minute.

ETHEL stood above the steep bank of the Mackenzie River while mosquitoes sang their bloody song and the river slid down to the north for ever. It was a mile wide, or perhaps two, flowing between its own stunted spruce forests; it was the heart, the belly, the guts of that country—not pretty, but strong.

And then suddenly in that settlement where the buildings and the shacks and tents of the sad Indians stood within the wilderness, she saw a vivid picture of another country. She saw her own England, the small fields of Kent, that one corner as you went down into the village where a copper beech stood; and in the evening, voices came from the White Hart; not that she had ever been in a pub; and father sitting in a deck chair on the lawn—green, without dust, and no worse buzzing than a bumblebee. "Ethel, if you really want to be a female missionary, teaching Red Indians in the polar regions, who am I to dissuade you from a lofty purpose?"

Then it wasn't even teaching for long. It was falling in love with Jim Thomson. It was gradually forgetting England's green and pleasant land while the hard years went past, a memory almost lost until now. Good Jim; not his fault. The fault of this wet desert, of her own failure dried up in the desert.

"I'm going," she said aloud. "Whatever happens, I'm going home."

"Mrs. Thomson!" It was the Signals youth. "They took off ten minutes ago from Simpson."

"How long will they be?" She was right back again.

"Between three and four hours, I guess."

"Thank you very much," she said politely, and went towards the house. . . .

Three hours and thirty-five minutes, but no plane; not any plane, not ever coming.

"Mummy!"

"Yes, Bobby?"

"It's not sore. It's stopped now."

"That's good, darling."

"Daddy!"

"Yes, son?"

"I was seeing fishes and faces. Now it's trees on the wall."

"Big trees?"

"Huge ones . . . Daddy, what makes trees?"

"Well, they just grow, Bob."

"But what makes them?"

"I guess—I guess God makes them."

"What makes God, Daddy?"

Jim didn't answer. There was a hum. Was it a hum? Jim listened hard; he was getting a little deaf. Hum-m . . . hum-m . . . periodic. Yes, it was. "Here's the plane."

He went out, heavy-footed, not trying to be light, and the noise grew louder, changed, and stopped nearby before you would have expected. They must have landed right in front, without going round.

She waited for them at the top of the path—Doc Smith and Jim and the pilot. She never had much liked the doctor. He was a rude man, seeming to contrive to have red stubbles about two days old always and playing the tough bush doctor.

"Jim says the pain stopped," he said loudly.

"Yes, not long ago."

"Was it localized?"

"Down here." She pointed it out on herself, not exactly ladylike.

"Temperature now?"

"A hundred and two point one."

"Have you got boiling water?"

"Yes."

"What's his name?"

Into the house and the room. "Hallo, Bobby. D'you hear us coming in the plane? Gonna undo your pyjamas, have a look at where the pain is. There was a big fire stopped us starting from Simpson. Smoke in your nose. There's a boy. Does it hurt in that place there? Okay, okey-doke. We'll tie up those pyjamas again."

Outside. "I'll operate right away. Can't move him. Don't worry, Mrs. Thomson. . . . You aren't a nurse, are you?"

"No, Doctor. I'll help, though."

"Here, sit down, Mrs. Thomson. Mac! Where are you, Mac? You're gonna help with the anaesthetic."

"Jeepers creepers, not me, Doc! I'm a pilot, not a——"

"You needn't look. These are the ones for boiling. Now get me a clean

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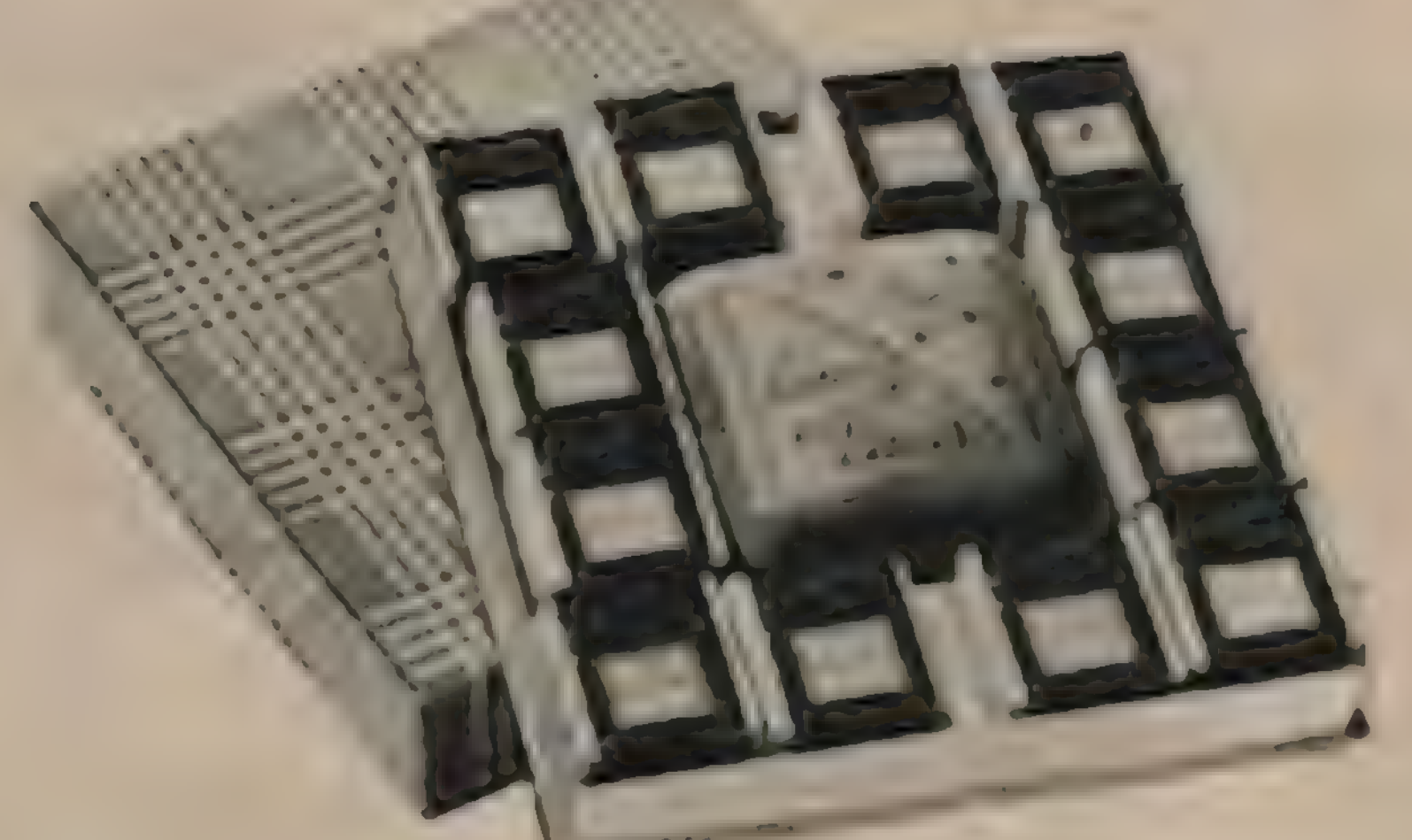

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sheet, two clean sheets. Clear that table."

Afterwards, Ethel put on her new dress, ordered by post last month, so this was the first time. She always wore slacks unless there was company—and there wasn't often company. The smell of ether was all over the house—strongest in the kitchen as she went through, not quite so strong in Bobby's room, where Doc Smith was at that moment feeling his wrist. The operation was over.

"He looks pale."

"They're always pale afterwards; but the pulse is strong. I was just in time. It would have been a different story in another hour."

"You mean it would have burst?"

He nodded his head. "Sure. But you've got nothing to worry about now. Kids are tough." He went on to tell her what she had to do. Oh, wonderful Doctor Smith, knowing everything in the world. How could she ever have thought he was just a show-off, a medical he-man?

THEY joined the men in the parlour, where the new bottle of Scotch was on the table.

"Have a drink now, Doc."

"Thanks, Jim. . . . No, straight. That stuff's too good to spoil."

"You, Mac?"

"We flying any more tonight, Doc?"

"I guess we'd better go, Mac. There's a bad case of burns at Arctic Red. No rest for the wicked. No rest for airborne doctors." There he was, dramatizing himself; but what did his little failings matter?

"Can't have a drink, then," said Mac.

"I'll make some coffee," Ethel said.

When she brought the coffee, Jim was giving himself a second strong one. Poor Jim, all the head of steam he couldn't speak about was coming out of him now, talking nineteen to the dozen.

"I was in Edmonton for a couple of days last week," said Doc. "Wonderful! That's quite a city. One more year and I'm through with the north. Edmonton's the place."

"Ethel's taking Bobby on a trip to the old country."

"When are you leaving?" asked Mac.

"As soon as Bobby's well again."

"When did you last go home?"

"Just before the war."

"Every time I go outside," Mac said in his quiet voice, "every time it's worse there and better here."

"You haven't been as long in the north as I have."

He smiled at her. "I know, Mrs. Thomson."

But there was Bobby waking up. She and the doctor went in.

"Hi, Bob," said Doc.

"Hi," said Bobby. There was no fever in him now; only his voice was weak.

"How d'you feel, darling?"

"I feel full up in my tummy."

"You know what I did? I took your old appendix out."

"What's my 'pendix?"

"Your appendix was a no-good tag inside your tummy. You'll be a much tougher guy without it."

Bobby smiled politely. Ethel and her small son, Bobby, they both felt shy with hearty people.

So then it was goodbye to the pilot and the doctor, to Mac and Doc.

Mac said: "I hope you enjoy your trip to England."

"I'll take out the stitches when I pass next week."

"Goodbye, Mac. . . . Goodbye, Doc. Thanks a lot."

She stood at the door, where she could listen for Bobby and watch the small plane taxi slowly, small on the river, to warm itself until finally, after some bursts of power, it turned down north and surged with a lively roar toward the sun. They flew away. Jim toiled up the bank to stand beside her in the coolness for a minute.

"Nice night," he said.

They went inside. He went on speaking. "That's a fine idea about the trip. It'll be good for you both."

She did not have the heart or she was too tired to tell him of her resolve, so she said: "Yes, Jim," looking out of the window.

He came over and stood behind her. "Thanks for everything," Ethel," he said. "It's a hell of a life for a woman." Then he turned her around and kissed her hard and passionately.

It was so unexpected that she giggled. "What's got into you, Jim?" she said, liking and resenting this unwonted display of interest. "It must be the whisky."

"It's not the whisky." He moved away from her. He was surly.

"I'm going out for a few minutes, Jim."

"What, now?"

"You listen for Bobby. I won't be long."

She walked along the track, which was soft with the dust of river silt, and grass grew rankly on either side. She picked a few wild roses, the too pallid roses of a harsh place. With the roses in her right hand and arctic fireweed in her left, she came to the cemetery.

"I'll give the roses to John," she said aloud. So she laid the roses on John's grave.

JOHN, BELOVED SON OF JAMES AND ETHEL THOMSON. BORN JANUARY 4, 1929; DIED FEBRUARY 16, 1938.

SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

She laid the fireweed on Margaret's grave.

MARGARET, BELOVED DAUGHTER OF JAMES AND ETHEL THOMSON. BORN JULY 14, 1935; DIED MARCH 3, 1950.

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

She would not have chosen those inscriptions; but Jim wanted them, and she could not tell him that the beauty of words can be too familiar.

SHE went into the church, a bare, small place. She thanked God very much for bringing the airborne doctor, in quite a cheerful mood now that her God had been friendly. She prayed for the dead ones and for Bobby, for strength in herself, for Jim.

That was that, a good glow in the early morning, and outside again; but uneasy because of England, where the earth thawed in graveyards, where darkness and light took turns daily, where love was cosy and you chose your friends, where life was a journey on a well-paved highway. Oh, gentle, too-crowded England, left behind.

The clouds were black on the Mackenzie Mountains; the sun swung higher to the east; one duck flew close to the curving water; an Indian paddled from his nets.

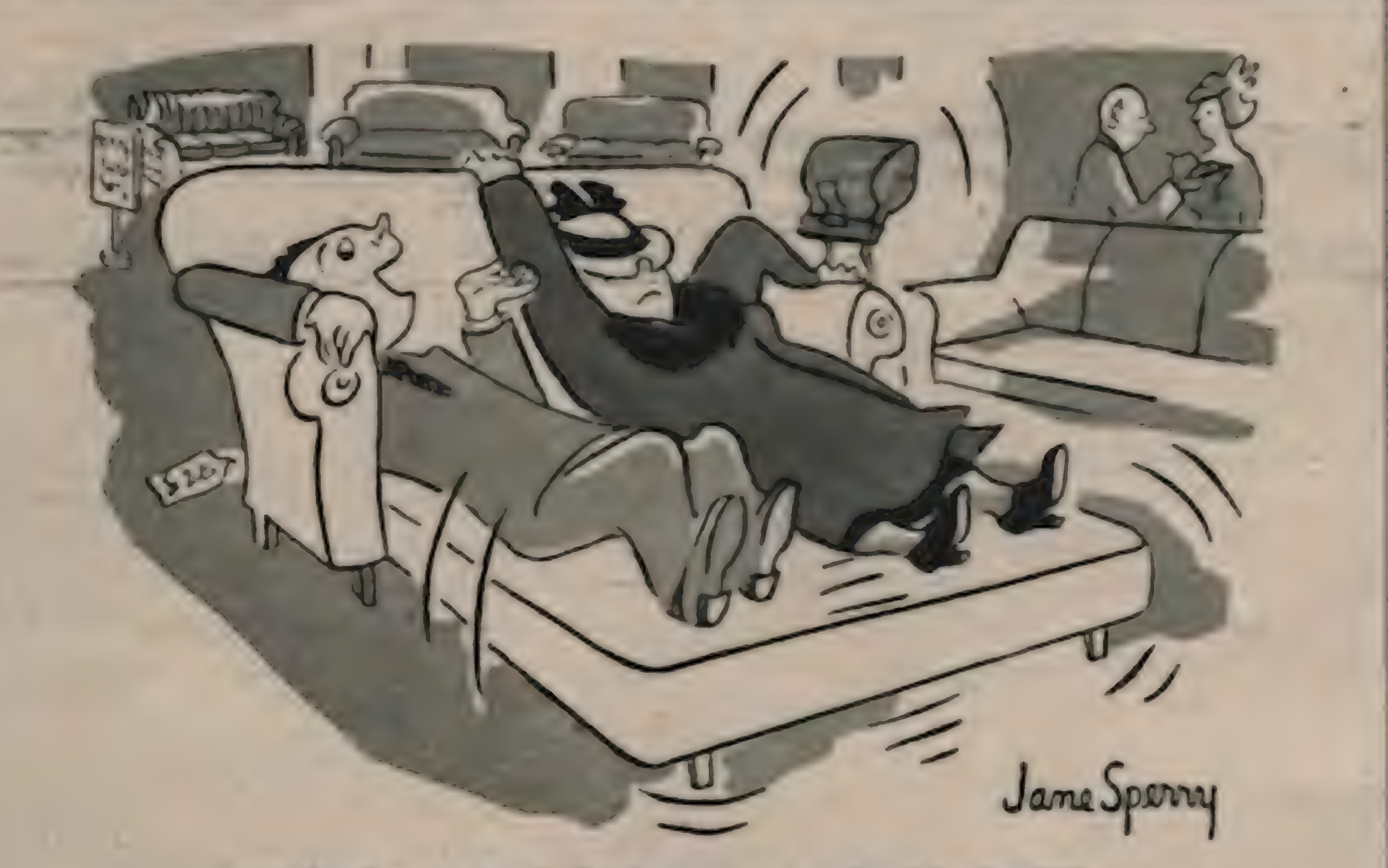
"Every time I go outside," Mac said in his quiet voice, "every time it's worse there and better here."

"You haven't been as long in the north as I have."

He smiled. "I know, Mrs. Thomson."

And now silence in that place—silent the quick, silent the dead. Now silence on the river; now strong, comfortable silence at home in the wilderness.

THE END



" And, presto ! It becomes a double-bed "

BILL PACK HELPS TO SORT OUT MALAYA

Continued from page 21

and vice-captain and its colours, light blue and dark blue. There were exciting new experiences like football matches, badminton, volley ball and basketball. There was the harmonica band which performed in the concert hall and the classical Chinese orchestra with zithers and mandolins the students had made for themselves. Wong joined the choir.

Quite recently I had the pleasure of meeting both Wong Peng Fatt and young Lee Choy. I found them in blue overalls working in a new garage in the centre of Taiping. They were happy in their job. So was the boss: he told me they were excellent boys. And Wong had changed his mind about wanting to be repatriated.

With well over 400 graduates and nearly 300 now on the books, Taiping can count its failures on the fingers of one hand. The scoffers, vociferous at first, are heard no more. The police are as keen on the place as anybody else. The Communists, too, seem impressed by the threat, and keep up a steady stream of anti-Taiping propaganda. Interviewed in his detention camp, one prospective Hok-Uen seemed inexplicably reluctant to join. Finally, he came out with it. "I don't think I could stand the first week's beatings," he told Whitby.

Now two new centres are being opened, one for Malays, with eighty acres of agricultural land at Klang (just rebuilt after the bandits in their annoyance burned it down); another to take a few of the 736 women now languishing inside detention camps.

"Old Boys" Now

Meanwhile the Taiping "Old Boys," now happily at work all over Malaya—each in his person a convincing demonstration of the democratic way—continue to look back to the old school with affection. They are helped to find jobs and encouraged to keep in touch. The files are full of lively letters from them.

The Malaya into which the Hok-Uen were now going out was, fortunately, a very different Malaya from the Malaya many of them had left to take to the jungle in 1942.

The voice of the *Tuan Besar* (pukka sahib)—benevolent but patronizing—was no longer alone in the land. There were other things in the newspapers besides tin and rubber prices and racing results. The headlines were full of education reports and new co-operatives and village development boards and trade union congresses and municipal elections and the new Social Security Fund.

There were things in this new Malaya which must be making the old *tuans besar* fairly spin in their graves, that were making the not-so-old ones grumble fiercely into their soup. There was Malcolm MacDonald, the Commissioner-General for South-East Asia, for example, spending half his time hobnobbing with the "natives" instead of upholding the prestige of the Raj with the pomp and power which was "the only thing Asiatics understood." There was that man Brazier. . . .

From Battersea

Jack Brazier is the trade union adviser. He sits at quite a large desk: in fact, he is a semi-independent principality. But Jack Brazier was not educated at either Oxford or Cambridge. He comes from Battersea and his only accent is cockney. Until a few years ago, he was driving his engine on the London to Brighton run. If you catch him in an expansive moment, he'll tell you how he and his stoker used to fry their breakfast eggs on a shovel.

Shortly after the liberation, the British Labour Government decided that when it came to getting healthy trade unions going, a British working man—and trade unionist—might be the best chap to talk to Asian working men and trade unionists.

The thought was revolutionary, although scarcely unreasonable. For though Jack Brazier might not be able to write you a very pretty treatise on democracy, he could *show* you, and show you in a peculiarly convincing way. For here was an engine-driver who had worked his way up through trade union offices, who had been chairman of his local Co-op, who had been on strike, been victimized and kicked around, who had been a Labour magistrate and a candidate for Parliament. "I," he said, "am a political animal."

And here he was at his "adviser's" desk in the land of the *tuans*, still the invincible British working man, the chirrupy cockney from Battersea. "I'm considered as Public Enemy No. 1 by most of the big commercial interests here," he said happily. "But the more they attack me the more support I get from the Asians and the Asian Press. The letters of congratulation pour in. I tell people: 'To have a Bolshy in the camp is a good thing—for the Government and for everybody else.' "

But it had not been easy. For the

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"The good companions"

first three years, Brazier had to fight against the Communists who were capturing the union movement — "wonderful organizers, they worked twenty-four hours a day." Then, when the Communist Federations were declared illegal, and their leaders took to the jungle, the whole trade union movement was caught up in the wreckage.

But slowly they were building up again on surer foundations. Brazier proudly showed me a large poster on his wall, pledging the workers' support against the bandits. It bore scores of signatures and rubber stamps of unions. Yet each one of those officials, often living in exposed, unprotected positions, was, in signing, making himself an immediate target for the vengeance of the Communist bandits.

From 'Varsity To Mine

Brazier introduced me to P. P. Narayan, president of the Malayan T.U.C. and leader of the important Plantation Workers' Union. "He's one of my boys," he claimed proudly.

Narayan is a quick-witted, bright-eyed, bubbling little South Indian who came over with his parents from Malabar in 1937. When the war broke out he had just taken his Cambridge Senior and was joining a technical college to become an electrical engineer. Instead, he went to work in the tin mines for a dollar a day, and for the first time in his life came in touch with ordinary workers.

Narayan made up in intelligence and eagerness to learn what he lacked in experience. On a visit to England he had sat in—at the invitation of a Dunlop director—on the Fort Dunlop works committee. Now he was trying to start "works committees" on the plantations.

Some of the younger planters, he said, were quite co-operative, but the majority still looked on the unions with suspicion. And there were too many diehards still.

A Planter Protests

Like everyone else who has travelled around Malaya for more than two days, I knew all about those diehards. I recalled one planter showing me around the excellent co-operative shop on his estate, financed, on the Government-sponsored system, by each worker taking out one ten-dollar share. The shelves were loaded down with a wonderful assortment of articles from sarongs to soap and Japanese toys, from some sort of dried beans the Indians used for shampooing their hair to things like laxative tablets and Carr's Fancy Biscuits.

"Carr's Fancy Biscuits," growled the planter disgustedly. "Carr's Fancy Biscuits for coolies—and they insist on having them, too. Mr. Brazier, nor anybody else, will ever make me believe that Carr's Fancy Biscuits are raising the standards of living. . . ."

But in 1951 the diehards are living in the past, and, what is more, they know it. If the new Malaya had no more to fear in its natal years than them, its hopes would be bright indeed.

There is, unfortunately, a deeper, more insidious peril. For you do not make a Malayan nation by merely writing the phrase. In fact, Malaya is not a nation but a heap of fragments of nations, drawn together by the magnet of tin and rubber—the heritage of the good old prewar free-for-all. No race predominates, and two—the Chinese and Malays—are as equally balanced as people on a see-saw.

The Malays are simple village folk, courteous, friendly, instinctively dignified, with a keen dress sense. Their friends—who are many—call them "nature's gentlemen." Their enemies call them "bone lazy." The Chinese are most things the Malays are not: fantastically hard-working, clannish, pushing, possessed of an acute business instinct.

His Shop Is A Club

Both are excellent people in their own way, but there is no getting away from the fact that they mix about as easily as oil and water. Even in physical fact they hardly mix at all. The Malays stick to their kampongs. The Chinese fill the towns. For if a Chinese starts a shop he does so to make a profit; if a Malay starts a shop it soon becomes a local club.

Before the war none of this mattered very much. The Chinese kept to themselves as usual. The Malays stayed in their kampongs. Malaya was a land without "politics."

The Japanese occupation and the liberation that followed changed all that. Confronted by the Chinese, organized and armed, the Malays suddenly woke up in something like a panic, raised the cry of "Malaya for the Malays" and began to organize.

Today the racial issue is brought to sharp focus by the question of the qualifications for the new "Malayan" citizenship. Here is wonderful material for the astute politician. One ambitious Malay leader, Hashim Ghani, told me: "Malaya is *our* country. It was with the Malay sultans that Britain made her treaties of protection. Therefore, first you must hand over to us. Then we will gladly admit the other people." Another leading Malay

NOW YOU KNOW

SHOULD you sleep with the window open or shut when it's foggy? Answer: shut. Fog is downright unhealthy. It irritates the eyes, nose, the bronchial tubes, and it's bad for the lungs.

"But what about ventilation?" fresh-air fiends will say. Don't worry—there's little difference in oxygen content between a stuffy room and a hilltop. Fresh air is not air with more oxygen in it, but simply moving air. Its value lies not so much

in breathing it, as in allowing it to get at your skin—that's why loose clothing is advised. The constant movement of cool air replacing warmer air stimulates circulation and helps the working of the body generally.

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This England . . .

Amberley Mount, Sussex

MAN'S roots go very deep in Sussex. Some sunlit day as you rest from walking the Downs you happen on a sharpened flint and there in your hands is history — the cutting edge that made the People of the Chalk masters among the Primitive. Perhaps from those far off days it is that men of the Kingdom of Sussex draw their vigorous discrimination in the pleasures as well as the serious matters of life. Of such was the eighteenth century parson who expelled from his flock those who fell into drinking the new-fangled "tay," receiving them back only when they turned again repentantly to the beverage of their fathers. For all England holds no county where beer is more convivially honoured; and in all Sussex no beer is more admired than that bearing the long honoured name of Bass.

ISSUED BY BASS, RATCLIFF & GRETTON LIMITED, BURTON-UPON-TRENT, ENGLAND leader, Tungku Abdul Rahman, talked about having more Malay "reserves" in the towns.

But the Chinese know that it was their sweat and toil that opened up Malaya and made it the desirable property it is today. Now the Barnes Report is proposing to abolish their language in the national primary schools. Now there is this endless quibbling over citizenship terms.

There are the makings here of a Far Eastern Palestine. Fortunately, both the Chinese and the Malays are reasonable people. Perhaps it is that they have the beginnings of a Malayan spirit. At any rate, the streak of racial fanaticism does not seem to be in them.

Open To All Races

The Malayan Chinese Association, formed to combat communalism and help build the Malayan nation of tomorrow, is offering to help Malays forward into business life. The only question is how much influence these rich Straits-born Chinese leaders exercise over the vast struggling mass of poor Chinese immigrants. Dato Cheng Lock, the M.C.A.'s famous founder, an eighth generation Malayan Chinese and a wealthy rubber estate owner, makes all his speeches in English because he can't speak Chinese.

The one outstanding Malay leader, Dato Onn bin Jafaar, is also leading his followers steadily away from communal ideas. His Independence for Malaya Party is open to all races. Its slogan is not "Malaya for the Malays," but "Independence in Ten Years."

The son of a *Mentri Besar* (Prime Minister) of Johore, and *Mentri Besar* himself until he quarrelled with the Sultan, Dato Onn bin Jafaar is a man with a quick and subtle brain. He clearly sees that salvation for his people does not lie in "reservations" and privileges but in standing on their own feet, side by side with the other races, in the making of the Malayan nation.

Meantime, nation or no, Britain is steadily advancing Malaya along its apprenticeship course to self-government. In spring, the "Ministerial" system was introduced into the Legislative Council. Three Malays, one Chinese, one Singhalese and one European were put at the head of departments. The week I was in Kuala Lumpur, the place was placarded with "Register now!" posters preparing for the town's first municipal election in the autumn.

Unfortunately, hardly anyone understood exactly what an election was and so, in the end, it became necessary to send canvassers from door to door to explain. On the closing day, I went out on a last-minute round-up with the crack canvasser, an Indian teacher and Congress politician, who was accompanied by a round-faced Tamil woman in rimless spectacles, and an ex-major in the Ranee of Jhansi Company of the Indian National Army.

We plunged into squatter huts, buttonholed a woman taking out the rubbish, interrupted another bathing at the bottom of the garden, raked in a Singhalese family in a laundry, cross-examined a Chinese in his grocer's shop, and bearded (metaphorically) an enormous Sikh editor in his composing room.

The Indians were energetic, persuasive and organized. Our pile of signed blue forms accumulated. "The women," said the major, "are the best. We appeal to them on behalf of the children. We say to them: 'You have lived a certain life. Do you want your children to live the same?'"

Indians Leading The Way

When, the following week, the result was declared, it was found that 12,000 voters, out of around 60,000 eligible, had registered. And though Indians made up but a fraction of the population, the Indians had an easy majority.

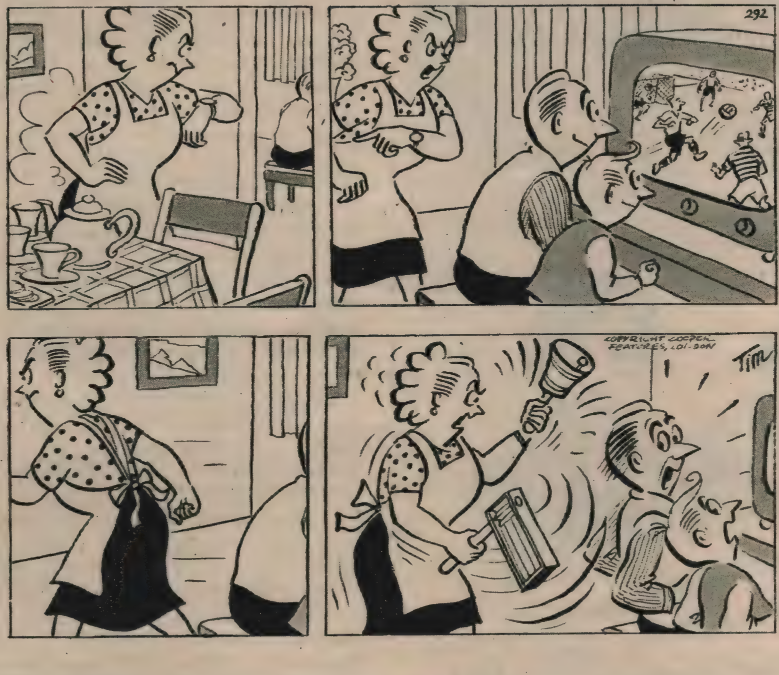
And all over Malaya the same thing was happening. In trade union meetings, on political platforms, in town councils from Penang to Singapore, the rippling, argumentative practised tones of the Indian flowed on like the ocean.

It was one of the odder, less expected results of Malayan "democracy." But then Britain, who had taught the Indians, could perhaps teach the others also. THE END

Harry Hopkins, John Bull's senior staff writer, is making an extensive tour of South-East Asia investigating trouble spots. His dispatches from Hongkong and Indo-China have already been published

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



LIEUTENANT HORNBLOWER

Continued from page 24

poured out a glassful of liquid and, with an arm supporting Bush's neck, he held it to Bush's lips. At the touch of the cool liquid, and as its refreshing scent reached his nose, Bush suddenly realized he was horribly thirsty, and he drank eagerly, draining the glass.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Lemonade, sir, with Mr. Hornblower's respects."

"Mr. Hornblower?"

"Yes, sir. There's a bumboat alongside an' Mr. Hornblower bought some lemons an' told me to squeeze 'em for you."

"My thanks to Mr. Hornblower."

"Aye, aye, sir. Another glass, sir?"

"Yes."

That was better. Later on there was a whole succession of noises which he found hard to explain to himself, the tramp of booted feet on the deck, shouted orders, oars and more oars rowing alongside. Then there were steps outside his cabin door and Clive the surgeon entered, ushering in a stranger, a skinny, white-haired man with twinkling blue eyes.

"I'm Sankey, surgeon of the naval hospital ashore," he announced. "I've come to take you where you'll be more comfortable."

"I don't want to leave the ship," said Bush.

"In the Service," said Sankey with professional cheerfulness, "you should have learned that it is the rule always to have to do what you don't want to do."

He turned back the sheet and contemplated Bush's bandaged form. "Pardon this liberty," he said, still hatefully cheerful, "but I have to sign a receipt for you—I trust you've never signed a receipt for ship's stores without examining their condition, Lieutenant."

"Damn you to hell," said Bush.

"A nasty temper," said Sankey with a glance at Clive. "I fear you have not prescribed a sufficiency of opening medicine."

He laid his hands on Bush, and, with Clive's assistance, dexterously switched him over so that he lay face downwards.

"The Dagoes seem to have done a crude job of carving you, sir," went on Sankey, addressing Bush's back. "Nine wounds, I understand."

"And fifty-three stitches," added Clive.

"That will look well in the *Gazette*," said Sankey with a giggle, and proceeded to extemporize a quotation. "Lieutenant—ah—Bush received no fewer than nine wounds in the course of his heroic defence, but I am happy to state that he is rapidly recovering from them."

Bush tried to turn his head to snarl out an appropriate reply, but his neck was one of the sorest parts of him and he could only growl unintelligibly, and he was not turned on to his back again until his growls had died down.

"And now we'll whisk our little Cupid away," said Sankey. "Come in, you stretcher men."

Carried out on to the main-deck, Bush found the sunlight blinding, and Sankey stooped to draw the sheet over his eyes.

"Belay that!" said Bush, as he realized his intention, and there was enough of the old bellow in his voice to cause Sankey to pause. "I want to see!"

The explanation of the trampling and bustle on the deck was plain now. Across the waist was drawn up a guard of one of the West Indian regiments, bayonets fixed and every man at attention. The Spanish prisoners were being brought up through the hatchways for dispatch to the shore in the lighters alongside. Bush recognized Ortega, limping along with a man on either side to support him; one trouser-leg had been cut off and his thigh was bandaged, and the bandage on the other trouser-leg was stiff and black with dried blood.

"A cut-throat crew, to be sure," said Sankey. "And now, if you have feasted your eyes on them long enough, we can sway you down into the boat."

Hornblower came hurrying down from the quarterdeck and went down on his knee beside the stretcher.

"Are you all right, sir?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, thank'ee," said Bush.

"I'll have your gear packed and sent ashore after you, sir."

"Thank you."

"Careful with those slings," snapped Hornblower, as the tackles were being attached to the stretcher.

"Sir! Sir!" Midshipman James was dancing about at Hornblower's elbow, anxious for his attention. "Boat's heading for us with a captain aboard."

That was news demanding instant consideration. "Goodbye, sir," said Hornblower. "Best of luck, sir. See you soon."

He turned away, and Bush felt no ill will at this brief farewell, for a captain coming on board had to be received with the correct compliments. Moreover, Bush himself was desperately anxious to know the business that brought this captain on board.

"Hoist away!" ordered Sankey.

"Avast!" said Bush, and in reply to Sankey's look of inquiry: "Let's wait a minute."

"I have no objection myself to knowing what is going on," said Sankey.

The calls of the bos'n's mates shrilled along the deck. The sideboys came running; the military guard wheeled to face the entry port; the marines formed up beside them.

Up through the entry port came the captain, his gold lace flaming in the sunshine. Hornblower touched his hat.

"You are Mr. Hornblower, at present the senior lieutenant on board this ship?"

"Yes, sir. Lieutenant Horatio Hornblower, at your service."

"My name is Cogshill," said the captain and he produced a paper which he proceeded to unfold and read aloud. "Orders from Sir Richard Lambert, Rear Admiral of the Blue, Knight of the Bath, Commanding His Majesty's ships and vessels on the Jamaica station, to Captain James Edward Cogshill, of His Majesty's ship *Buckler*. You are hereby requested and required to repair immediately on board of His Majesty's ship *Renown* now lying in Port Royal Bay and to take command *pro tempore* of the aforesaid ship *Renown*."

Cogshill folded his paper again. The assumption of command, even temporarily, of a King's ship was a solemn act, only to be performed with the correct ceremonial. No orders that Cogshill might give on board would be legal until he had read aloud the authority by which he

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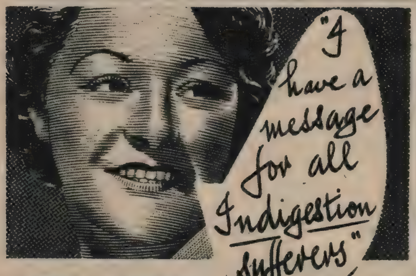
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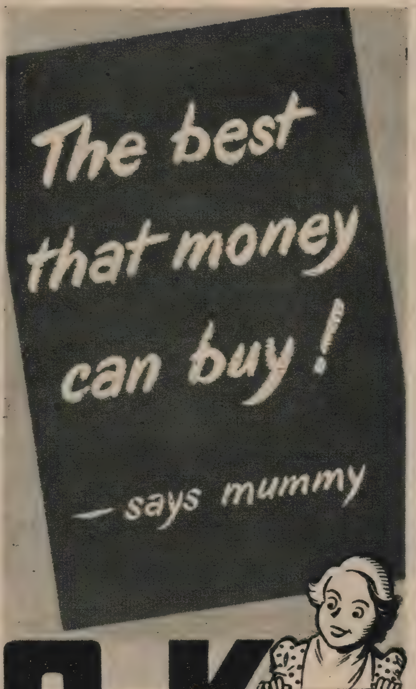
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THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

gave them. Now he had "read himself in," and now he held the enormous powers of a captain on board—he could make and unmake warrant officers, he could order imprisonment or the lash, by virtue of the delegation of power from the King in Council down through the Lords of the Admiralty and Sir Richard Lambert.

"Welcome on board, sir," said Hornblower, touching his hat again.

"Very interesting," said Sankey, when Bush had been swayed down into the hospital boat alongside and Sankey had taken his seat beside the stretcher. "Take charge, Cox'n. I knew Cogshill was a favourite of the admiral's. Promotion to a ship of the line from a twenty-eight gun frigate is a long step for our friend James Edward. Sir Richard has wasted no time."

"The orders said it was only—only temporary," said Bush, not quite able to bring out the words "*pro tempore*" with any aplomb.

"Time enough to make out the permanent orders in due form," said Sankey. "It is from this moment that Cogshill's pay is increased from ten shillings to two pounds a day."

The Negro oarsmen of the hospital boat were bending to their work, sending the launch skimming over the glittering water, and Sankey turned his head to look at the squadron lying at anchor in the distance — a three-decker and a couple of frigates.

"That's the *Buckler*," he said, pointing. "Lucky for Cogshill his ship was in here at this moment. There'll be plenty of promotion in the admiral's gift now. You lost two lieutenants in the *Renown*?"

"Yes," said Bush. Roberts had been cut in two by a shot from Samaná during the first attack, and Smith had been killed at the post of duty, defending the quarterdeck when the prisoners rose.

"A captain and two lieutenants," said Sankey meditatively. "Sawyer had been insane for some time, I understand?"

"Yes."

"And yet they killed him?"

"Yes."

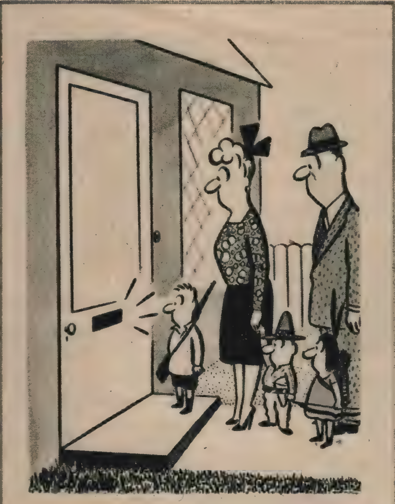
"A chapter of accidents. It might have been better for your first lieutenant if he had met the same fate."

Bush nodded; the same thought had occurred to him. Buckland had been taken prisoner in his bed, and he would never be able to live that down.

But Bush made no comment. Surgeon Sankey was obviously a scatterbrained old gossip and quite capable of repeating any remarks made to him.

"Oars! Bowman!" said the coxswain of the launch; they were rounding the tip of the jetty. The boat ran gently alongside and was secured; Sankey climbed out and supervised the lifting of the stretcher. With steady steps, the Negro bearers began to carry the stretcher up the road towards the hospital, while the heat of the island closed round Bush like the warm water in a bath.

Inside the building, the darkness left Bush almost blind for a space after the dazzling sunshine. There were whitewashed corridors; there was a long twilit ward divided by screens into minute rooms. He suddenly realized that he was quite exhausted, that all he wanted to do was to close his eyes and rest. The final lifting of him from the stretcher to the bed and the settling of him there seemed almost more than he could bear. He had no attention to



"Won't keep you more than a minute or two, folks—just putting the ornaments away"

spare for Sankey's final chatter. When the mosquito net was at last drawn round his bed and he was left alone, he felt as if he were at the summit of a long, sleek, green wave, down which he went gliding, gliding, endlessly gliding. It was almost a pleasant sensation, but not quite.

When he reached the foot of the wave, he had to struggle up it again, recovering his strength, through a night and a day and another night, and during that time he came to learn about the life in the hospital—the sounds, the groans that came from other patients behind other screens, the not-quite-muffled howls of lunatic patients at the far end of the whitewashed corridor; morning and evening rounds. By the end of his second day there, he had begun to listen with appetite for the noises that presaged the bringing in of his meals.

"You are a fortunate man," remarked Sankey, examining his stitched-up body. "These are all incised wounds. Not a single deep puncture."

"I'm glad of that," said Bush. "Ouch!"

"And every cut is healing well," said Sankey. "No sign of mortification."

Bush suddenly realized that Sankey was moving his nose about close to his body; it was by its smell that gangrene first became apparent.

"A good clean cut," said Sankey, "rapidly sutured and bound up in its own blood, can be expected to heal by first intention more often than not. And these are mostly clean cuts, haggled, as we say, only a little here and there. Bend this knee, if you please. Your honourable scars, Mr. Bush, will in the course of a few years become almost unnoticeable. There will be hardly a blemish on your elastic torso."

"Good," said Bush; he was not quite sure what his torso was, but he was not going to ask Sankey.

This morning Sankey had hardly left him before he returned with a visitor. "Captain Cogshill to inspect you," he said. "Here he is, sir."

Cogshill looked down at Bush in the bed. "Doctor Sankey gives me the good news that you are recovering rapidly," he said.

"I think I am, sir."

"The admiral has ordered a court of inquiry, and I am nominated a member of the court. Naturally your evidence will be required, Mr. Bush, and it is my duty to ascertain how soon you will be able to give it."

Bush felt a little wave of apprehension ripple over him. A court of

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Moody Model becomes a '*regular*' vendeuse

Mantilla works as a mannequin for the big fashion houses. Sometimes, of late, she's begun to think that *haute couture* is what happens when designers cut her. "Alors," I said, "what is the judgment of Paris?"

"*Pretty damning,*" *said Mantilla, dolorously. "They say I look like last year's model. But what can I do? All this constipation I get makes me hate the sight of a tube look.*"

"Maybe your tubes could do with a *new* look," I said.

"*?*" *said Mantilla's eyebrows.*

"Some tubes are the very devil," I said. "And the one that causes your trouble is the 30 ft. length you have inside you. Everything you eat has to go through it, by courtesy of your intestinal muscles. But your muscles can't go to work on the soft, starchy foods we eat today, and they get sluggish."

"*What does that do for me?*" *asked Mantilla.*

"It doesn't suit modom *at all*," I said. "What you've got is a three-piece ensemble called constipation, which does nothing for your figure, your face, or your fortune. *This* year, the accent is on 'bulk'," I said.

"*I don't get it,*" *said Mantilla.*

"You will," I said, "if you eat a little All-Bran for breakfast every day. All-Bran adds to your food the 'bulk' those muscles need — it makes you 'regular' — and it's delicious."

"*I can but try . . .*" *said Mantilla.*

Whereupon exit Mantilla, slinking; and a week later, re-enter a radiant Mantilla, slinkily — looking like the chic of Araby.

"Zut!" I said. "Is this the new line?"

"*It certainly is,*" *laughed Mantilla, "and you can thank All-Bran for that. It made me 'regular' in four days. It's simply made-to-measure!*"

"A Classic," I said.

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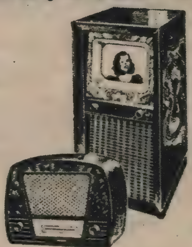

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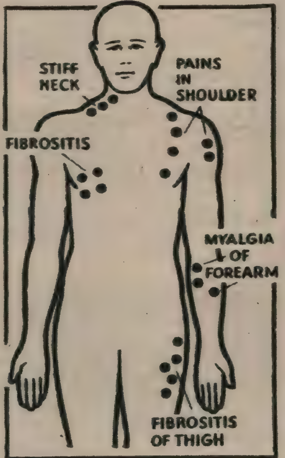
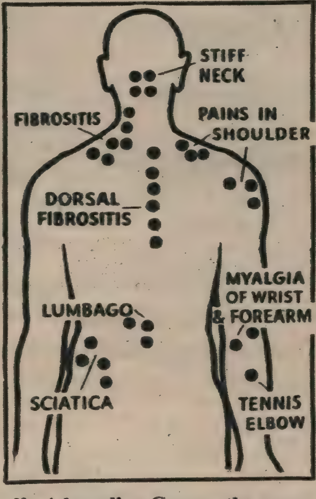


Where is the root of your Rheumatism?

HERE is wonderful news for Rheumatic sufferers! Doctors have a new treatment bringing almost immediate relief. Its secret is to apply a revolutionary new massage cream, not only where you feel the pain but also on what doctors call the myalgic or 'Trigger' spots, where lies the real root of your trouble.

These diagrams show why you have found relief so difficult by the old methods.

One Harley Street doctor has reported remarkable results in over 1,000 cases of all forms of Rheumatism, including Fibrositis, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc.



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Stocks are still limited, but any good chemist, including all branches of Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, can supply you with Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream at 5/- and 7/- a jar. Be sure to ask for the explanatory leaflet and use the cream as directed. It will be a revelation to you.

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Be sure to insist on Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream, the cream used in the clinical tests upon which this treatment is based. Lloyd's is the brand described in "*The Lancet*" ('50.11.395) as the "most satisfactory . . ."

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inquiry was only a shade less terrifying than the court martial to which it might lead. Even with a conscience absolutely clear, Bush would rather—far rather—handle a ship on a lee shore in a gale than face questions and have to give answers, submit his motives to analysis and misconstruction, and struggle against the entanglements of legal forms. But it was medicine that had to be swallowed, and the sensible thing was to hold his nose and gulp it down.

"I'm ready at any time, sir," he said.

"Tomorrow I shall take out the sutures, sir," interposed Sankey. "You will observe that Mr. Bush is still weak. He was entirely exsanguinated by his wounds."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean he was drained of his blood. And the ordeal of taking out the sutures——"

"The stitches, do you mean?"

"The stitches, sir. The ordeal of removing them may momentarily retard Mr. Bush's recovery of his strength. But if the court will indulge him with a chair when he gives his evidence——"

"That can certainly be granted."

"Then in three days from now he can answer any necessary questions."

"Next Friday, then?"

"Yes, sir. That is the earliest. I could wish it would be later."

"To assemble a court on this station," explained Cogshill with his cold courtesy, "is not easy, when every ship is away on necessary duty so much of the time. Next Friday will be convenient."

"Yes, sir," said Sankey.

It was some sort of gratification to Bush, who had endured so much of Sankey's chatter, to see him almost subdued in his manner when addressing someone as eminent as a captain.

"Very well, then," said Cogshill. He bowed to Bush. "I wish you the quickest of recoveries."

"Thank you, sir," said Bush.

Even lying on his back, he could not check the instinctive attempt to return the bow, but his wounds hurt him when he started to double up in the middle and prevented him from appearing ridiculous.

WITH Cogshill gone, Bush had time to worry about the future; the fear of it haunted him a little even while he ate his dinner, but the lob-lolly boy who came to take away the remains ushered in another visitor, the sight of whom drove away the black thoughts. It was Hornblower, standing at the door with a basket in his hand, and Bush's face lit up at the sight of him.

"How are you, sir?" asked Hornblower.

They shook hands, each reflecting the pleasure of the other's greeting.

"All the better for seeing you," said Bush, and meant it.

"This is my first chance of coming ashore," said Hornblower. "You can guess that I've been kept busy."

Bush could guess easily enough; it was no trouble to him to visualize all the duties that had been heaped on Hornblower: the necessity to complete *Renown* again with powder and shot, food and water, to clean up the ship after the prisoners had been removed, to eradicate the traces of the recent fighting, to attend to the formalities connected with the disposal of the prizes, the wounded, the sick, and the effects of the dead. And Bush was eager to hear the details, as a housewife might be when illness had removed her from the supervision of her household.

BUSH plied Hornblower with questions, and the technical discussion that ensued prevented Hornblower for some time from indicating the basket he had brought.

"Paupaus," he said. "Mangoes. A pineapple. That's only the second pineapple I've ever seen."

"Thank you. Very kind of you," said Bush. But it was utterly beyond possibility that he could give the least hint of the feelings that the gift evoked in him, that after lying lonely for these days in the hospital he should find that someone cared about him—that in any case someone should give him so much as a thought. The words he spoke were limping and quite inadequate, and only a sensitive and sympathetic mind could guess at the feelings which the words concealed rather than expressed. He was saved further embarrassment by Hornblower abruptly introducing a new subject.

"The admiral's taking the *Gaditana* into the Navy," he announced.

"Is he, by George!"

"Yes. Eighteen guns—six-pounders and nines. She'll rate as a sloop-of-war."

"So he'll have to promote a commander for her."

"Yes."

"By George!" said Bush again.

Some lucky lieutenant would get that important step. It might have been Buckland—it still might be, if no weight were given to the consideration that he had been captured asleep in bed.

"Lambert's renaming her the *Retribution*," said Hornblower.

"Not a bad name, either."

"No."

There was silence for a moment. Buckland, after all, *had* been captured in his bed. Some lucky young lieutenant had to get the promotion. The two young lieutenants found themselves staring at each other.

To be concluded next week

John Bull with your greetings

A YEAR'S subscription to JOHN BULL is an ideal Christmas gift for your friends overseas. Simply send your friend's name and address and a postal order for 24s. (21s. 8d. if your friend lives in Canada) to the publishers, 57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking the envelope "Christmas Subscription."

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EARLY one recent morning, whilst his family were still in bed, reader J. K. Collins, 117 Valley Road, Ipswich, sat down to enjoy a quiet cup of tea—and a few minutes on *Bullets*. In those few minutes he made up the homely pre-Election *Bullet*, which won him £500 plus "Warmth and Comfort" Award in our 1,800th Contest: IN MOTHER'S PURSE — YOUR "RETURN TICKET," POLITICIAN!

One of the *Bullets* you make up this week may well win £500 and a fine hamper—both in good time for Christmas! There are turkeys, fowls, plum puddings and cakes galore for *Bullets* and Crossword entrants. Use your coupons on this page to win one of more than a thousand Christmas feasts to be dispatched by JOHN BULL this year.

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Dec. 15, and in JOHN BULL, dated Dec. 22, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

FINAL CHRISTMAS FEASTS next week—then GIANT CHRISTMAS OFFER!

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Wintry World
To Light The Way
Magic Of Christmas
Masterly Move
Santa Claus
Full Of Surprises
Revived
Ahead Of His Time
Did Some Good
Grandma's Gift
Sparkling
If It Catches On
Laid Aside
Enjoying Herself
Bit Of A Frost
Convict No. 13
Hard Nut To Crack
Running Down
Baby's Wonderful, But

Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions

Because We..........................
..............................To Come
Men Like..............................
......................For The Postman
With Less............................
The......................Sniffed And

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(*Continued in previous column*)

(*Continued from next column*)

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 762**

1. It's a poor nag that isn't worth
5. You hear this of jet planes at big Air Force display
6. One over eight may perhaps suggest
10. A person should have sense enough to detect and reject half-baked this
11. Men may be swept away in one
13. Helps to fortify the besieged
14. Kiddies from really poor homes will regard jolly Christmas party as this

Down Clues

1. Best when remaining cool and unshaken
2. To some degree this tends to subdue a person
3. Nothing ought to interfere with free communication from one end of this to the other
4. Their surface is smoother when iced all over
7. A child can have too much of this
8. Poor one may reduce boxer's chance of victory
9. That of unscrupulous careerist is nothing to shout about
12. For certain purposes, paste is quite as good as this

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XWORD 757 RESULT

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GRAND NEW YEAR PARTY OFFER—GET YOUR "BULLETIN"

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated December 8. If requiring single copy only, affix 2½d. stamp below.

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For introductory copy of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated December 8
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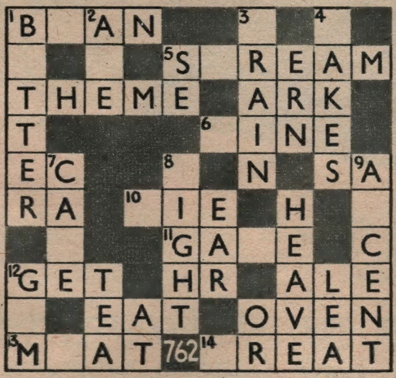
MORE XMAS FEASTS with THIS WEEK'S PRIZES

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Dec. 8.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
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(*Total fee shown includes entry on Square*)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **762** Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 26

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"CLIPPIES" TO THE FAMOUS

Continued from page 17

mentioned so much," she explained, "and now he's writing a book."

Durrant-Wright has been in charge of the agency since 1946, when he took over from Miss A. M. Lake, sister-in-law of the man who built up the business, the late William Durrant. He knows few of his clients personally. To him, as to the girl readers he employs, they are only names.

The "clippies" work in twos and threes, each team being responsible for specified newspapers and magazines. They memorize as best they can the current needs of the agency's customers, and are kept up to date by the morning loudspeaker announcements which give the latest names and subjects, as well as those the girls can henceforth forget.

An information check is available for any girl who is not sure whether cuttings on Denis Compton or kippers and herrings are still wanted; and the memory-strain is eased nowadays by a rough division of labour which allows one group to specialize in the arts—radio, television, theatre, books, films, authors, actors, musicians and painters.

Three Royal Clients

When the cutting and pasting is done—each cutting is attached to a green slip bearing the name of the publication—the staff divides into sections which deal with certain clients. "Somebody knows that cuttings on Egypt are wanted three times, those on Jewry five times, and how many people besides Norman Hartnell want a service on women's wear."

Long-standing customers include the Marquesses of Londonderry and Linlithgow, Sir Max Beerbohm, Bransby Williams and the High Commissioners for the Dominions. Three members of the Royal Family are also on the books. Among the entertainers are Charlie Chaplin (who still gets hundreds of mentions every month), Mary Pickford, James Mason, Greer Garson, Ted Ray, Wilfred Pickles, Peter Brough, Jack Warner, Stanley Holloway, Donald Wolfit, Gracie Fields, Sally Ann Howes and Sonia Dresdel.

About 120 morning and evening newspapers are scanned for mentions, along with 500 provincial weeklies and 300 magazines and periodicals. Often as many as three dozen copies of one newspaper are needed. All this adds up to £5,000 a year on publications alone.

Parcel Went Astray

"We don't miss much," says Durrant-Wright. There have been oversights, however—and confusion over names. Once, a parcel of cuttings meant for the Rev. Dr. J. O. Hannay (George A. Birmingham, the writer) was addressed to Bishop Hensley Henson. In a letter which accompanied the returned parcel, the bishop described the agency as "that wonderful institution for harnessing human vanity to the advantage of human greed."

The present proprietor of Durrant's often wonders how to reconcile that with much of the work he is asked to do. Recently, for instance, he took on a client who wants everything that appears in the Press about sewerage.

THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 24 is of Eileen Joyce when she was about nine.

Do not send cash unless registered. Cross postal orders or cheques. Keep counterfoils of P.O.s.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

EVERY OFFER IS COVERED BY THE JOHN BULL GUARANTEE

BARGAINS BY POST

When ordering, write clearly your name and full postal address—in block letters or delay may result.

GREAT REDUCTIONS

OWING TO DROP IN **WOOL** PRICES

LANCSHIRE CARPETING

DELIVERY ASSURED WITHIN 10 DAYS

This popular, fine woollen felted Needleloom carpeting, pleasing to the eye, soft to the feet, easy to fit without fraying, offers housewives hardwearing quality carpets at low cost. Choice selection of colours. Sprayed rubber backing. No underfelt required.

See for yourself. Send 1/- for samples. (Refunded if samples returned.)

PRESTO SUPPLIES (Dept. J.B.6)
Rye Street Mill, Preston, Lancs.

18" wide	7/6
27" wide	11/-
36" wide	14/6
54" wide	21/-

Price per yard
POST FREE

WHISKEY

IDEAL CHRISTMAS PACK CONSISTING OF

* ½-Bot. genuine well-matured Irish Pot Still Liqueur Whiskey, 70° proof, 30° U.P. guaranteed.

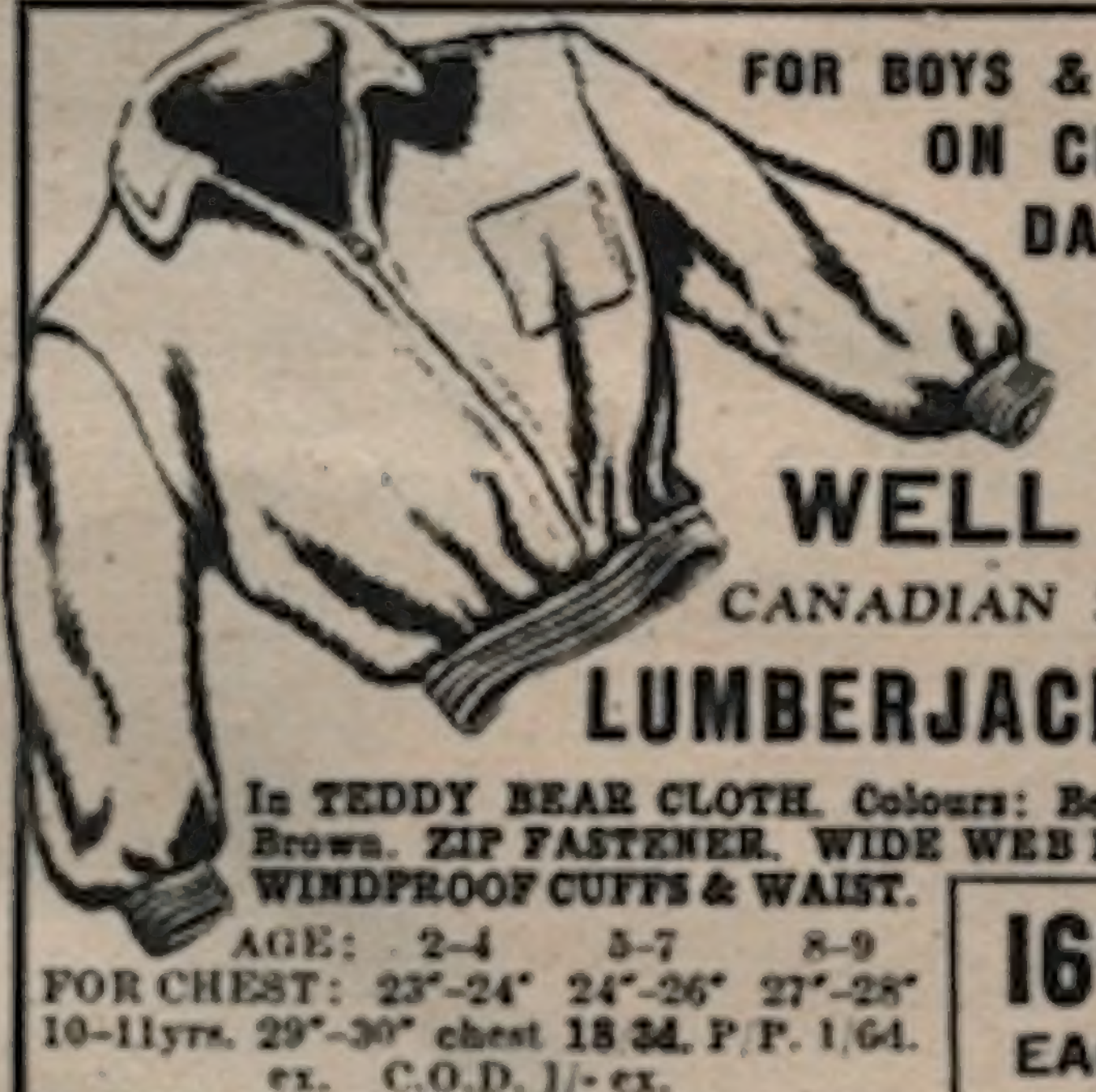
* 1 Bot. V.P. Sherry 29°.

* 1 Bot. V.P. Rich Ruby 26·75°.

35/6 Incl. post and packing

PLEASE ORDER EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

B. THURLOW & SON (Dept. J.B.)
63 Bohemia Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex



FOR BOYS & GIRLS ON CHILLY DAYS KEEP THEM **WELL** IN A *CANADIAN STYLE* **LUMBERJACKET!**

In TEDDY BEAR CLOTH. Colours: Beige: Nut Brown. ZIP FASTENER. WIDE WEB ELASTIC WINDPROOF CUFFS & WAIST.

AGE:	2–4	5–7	8–9
FOR CHEST:	23"–24"	24"–26"	27"–28"

10–11yrs. 29"–30" chest 18/34. P/P. 1/64. ex. C.O.D. 1/- ex.

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★ MORGAN'S ★ AMAZING–15 JEWEL BARGAINS!

15 JEWELS
ONLY £5 POST PAID

written 5-year guarantee. 7-day approval or money refunded

Gents 15 JEWEL SWISS WRIST WATCH below contr. price! Perfect timekeeper, clear raised figures, large sweep seconds hand, unbrk. glass, non-magnetic, chrome/steel case, real leather strap. (On adjustable stainless steel bracelet 10/– ex.)

Send cash for imm. deliv. C.O.D. 1/6 extra.

Ladies 15 JEWEL SWISS Wrist Watch below contr. price! Perfect timekeeper. Fashionable chrome/steel case, unbr. cocktail glass; modern nylon cordette; beautiful raised figures, non-magnetic, small and lovely.

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MAKE MONEY

Start a spare time business producing plaster figures with FLEXIMOULD

Anyone without experience can make wall plaques, ash trays, garden ornaments, book-ends, etc., which find a ready sale. A simple and fascinating hobby.

Write today for free particulars of **FLEXIMOULD** *to:*

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Our PRICES are ALWAYS low

PILLOWCASES. Utility, bleached, housewife style. 19 in. x 30 in. Post, pr. 8d., 4 10d., 6 1/-, 8 to 10 1/2, 12 1/4, 18 1/7, 24 1/10. **3/9** Each

PILLOW TICKS. Utility, Black & White striped. 18 in. x 27 in. Featherproof. Post as above. **3/6** Each

BED TICKS. Utility. Made from our superior quality black & white striped ticking. Real value for money.
Single bed size, 6 ft. 6 in. x 3 ft. 6 in. **23/5** Each
Full size, 6 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. 6 in. Post & Pkg., 1/2, 2 1/6. **27/11** Each

UTILITY TABLECLOTHS. Size 52 in. x 52 in. White damask with gold, green or blue borders. Post 8d., 2 10d. State 2nd choice of colour. **10/3** Each

C.O.D. extra. 1½d. stamp for Catalogue and Autumn Sales List.

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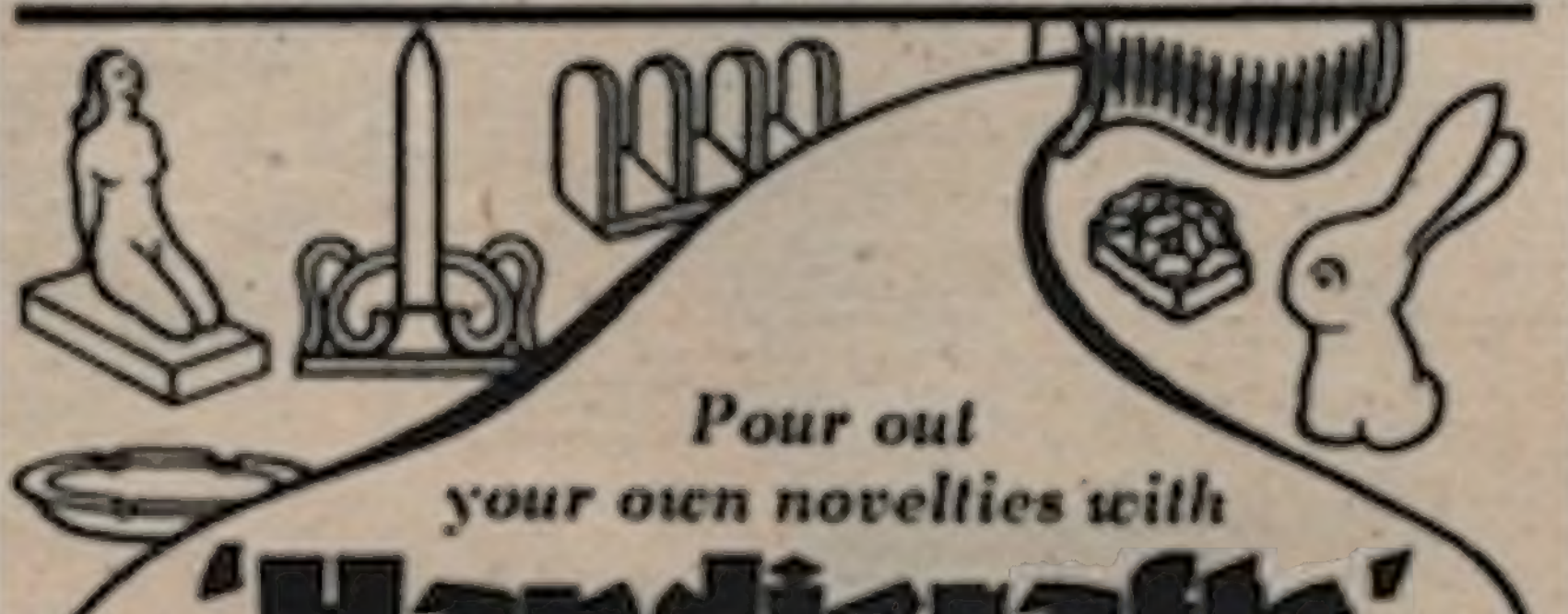

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Make your spare time profitable pouring beautiful castings at home. We supply everything including ready-made, moulds and show you how. Amazingly simple. Rapid production. Immediate results. Also other Novel Plastics. Make Xmas gifts. Good proposition for both women and men and younger generation. Send 2½d. stamp for exciting Book and Market details. No obligation.

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OUTSIZE BARGAINS AT SLASHED PRICES

Superior Quality Med. Grey Flannels. Full cut, 3 pkts. Turn-ups, Deep Rise.
Waists: 42, 44, 46, 48 Legs: 29, 31, 33
Waists: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 Legs: 34, 35, 36
SPECIAL PRICE 52/9

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Waists: 42, 44, 46, 48 Legs: 29, 31, 33
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REDUCED TO 40/-

Extra outsizes:
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Post & Pkg. 1/-. C.O.D. 1/2 extra. Money refund gtar.
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24/6 Post 9d.

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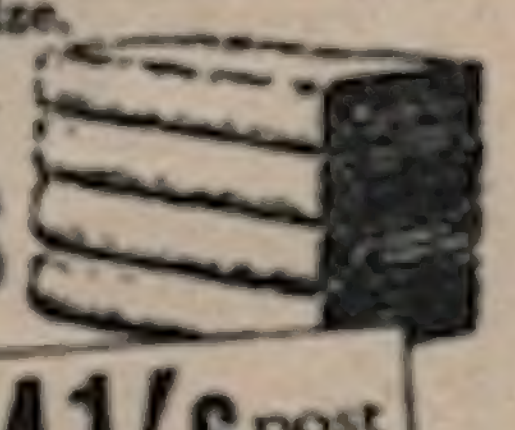

100% WOOL BLANKETS

Absolutely brand new, size 7 ft. by 5 ft. Weight 4 lbs. Blue-Grey, edged with Red. **A Real Bargain at 41/6, Post Free.**

41/6 post free

Real Semi-chrome leather Black grained army pattern, double soles screwed and stitched. Sturdy comfortable and protective, wear and weather resisting. Secure a pair of these hard-wearing good looking **Boots** now! Carr. Paid.

BOOTS **42/6**

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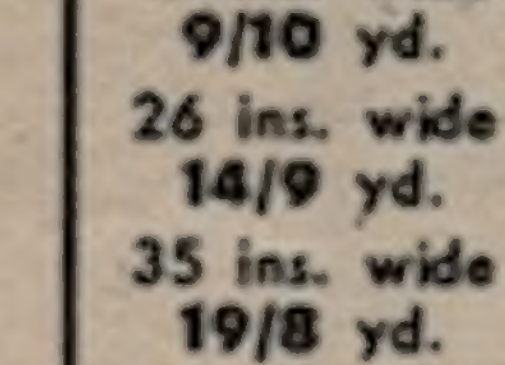
GASSON & SONS Dept. J.B.,
Phone 2134. Est. 1825. **Gov't Contractors, RYE, SUSSEX**

"CORAFELT CARPETING is YEARS better!"



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For **24/-** *down* you can ensure entertainment for all the family and your friends, throughout the long winter evenings, playing Billiards and Snooker on a Riley 'Home' Table. The balance you pay as you play. Built in various sizes, there is one to fit comfortably on your dining table. Don't delay, install a Riley and

KEEP THE FAMILY HAPPY AT HOME

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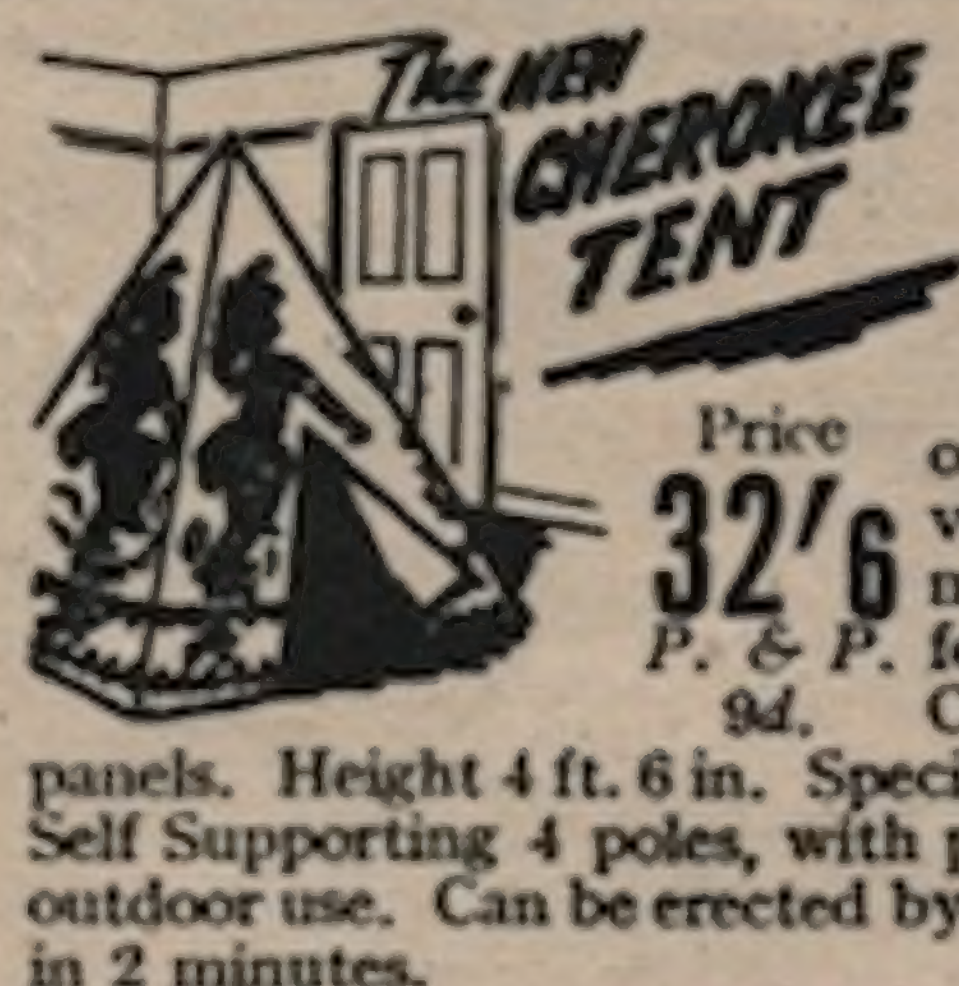

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Superbly made of first class materials—comprises:
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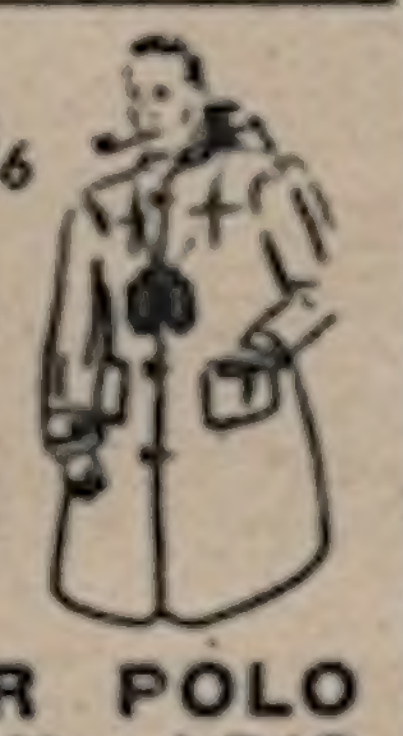
BRAND NEW
DUFFLE COATS 58/6 Post, etc. 1/6



ALL WOOL—A real bargain. Regulation model Duffle Coat. Hood permanent or detachable. Ladies' or Gents' style. Give chest or bust measurement. Get this warm, fleecy coat now before icy weather. Colours: Grey, Blue/Grey and Air Force Blue.

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Post, etc., 1/–. Brand new stock of these full length extra warm fleecy woollen mixture long-sleeved serviceable roll collar jerseys. For the bitterest weather imaginable—DO NOT deprive yourself of absolute and complete immunity. Always feel snugly warm. Send immediately as stocks are very limited. Small, medium or large. Also a few assorted colours. Speciality models same price. Grey, green, maroon or brown.

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After years of scarcity we are once again able to offer high quality utility featherproof mattress ticks, either bag type (6½ ft. long) or boxed with 4 in. borders (6½ ft. long): very hard wearing. *Colours: Blue or Green self, Blue or Green or Pink striped, also Black striped on White.*

Bag type: 3 ft. 20/10d. 3½ ft. 24/2d. 4 ft. 26/10d. 4½ ft. 29/6d. 5 ft. 32/2d. **18/6** (2½ ft. Bag)

Boxed: 2½ ft. 21/0d. 3 ft. 25/6d. 3½ ft. 29/8d. 4 ft. 31/6d. 4½ ft. 35/2d. 5 ft. 37/10d.

Pillow Ticks. 27 in. x 18 in., black striped 3/8d

Order now with P.O.s or Cash (regd.) adding 1/- p. and p. (3d. for Pillow ticks). Money back if not satisfied.

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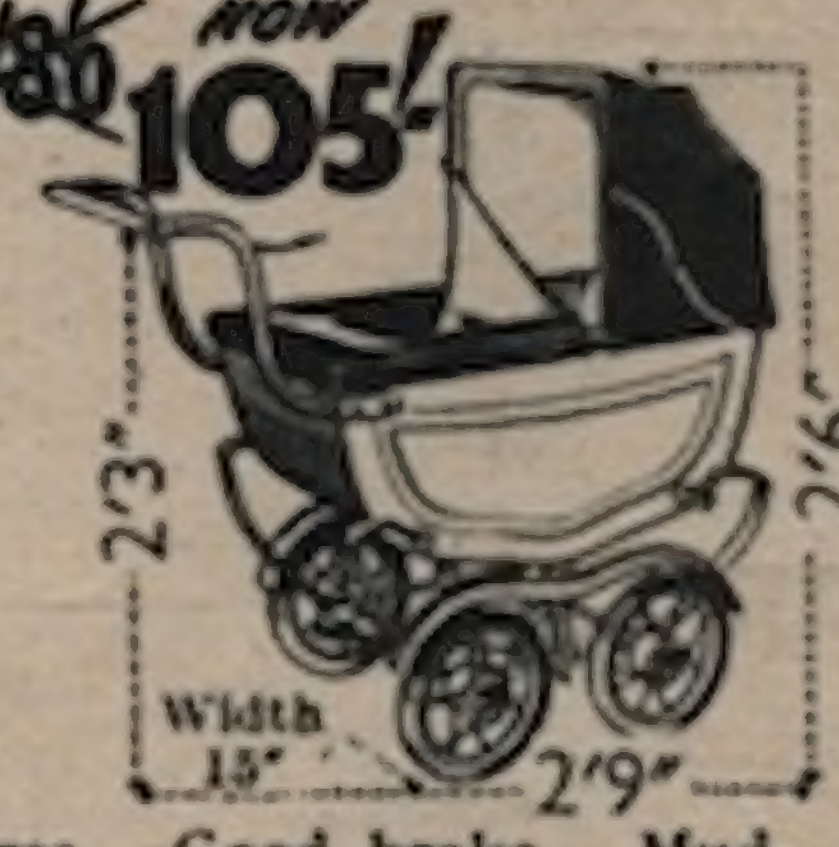

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GENT'S WRIST WATCH

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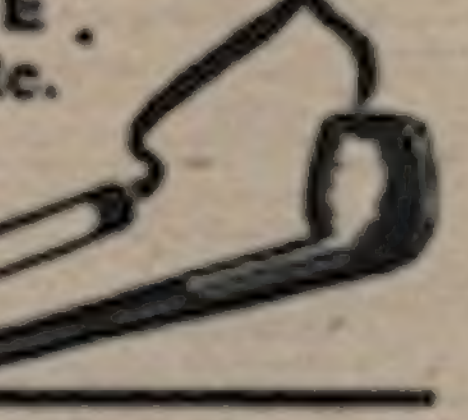
SAVE at least £1 A WEEK

9d. **PER OUNCE** for a really good satisfying herbal smoking mixture . . . there's saving for you—and without cutting out a single smoke. Alternatively you can mix this skilfully-blended herbal brand 50-50 with your own favourite tobacco, and even then you will be saving nearly half your present cost of smoking—without cutting down your ration.

H.S. SMOKING MIXTURE. Ideal for pipe or cigarette.

Send 3/- for minimum 4 oz. trial packet post free or 10/6 for 1 lb. (State whether Virginian or Turkish flavour.)



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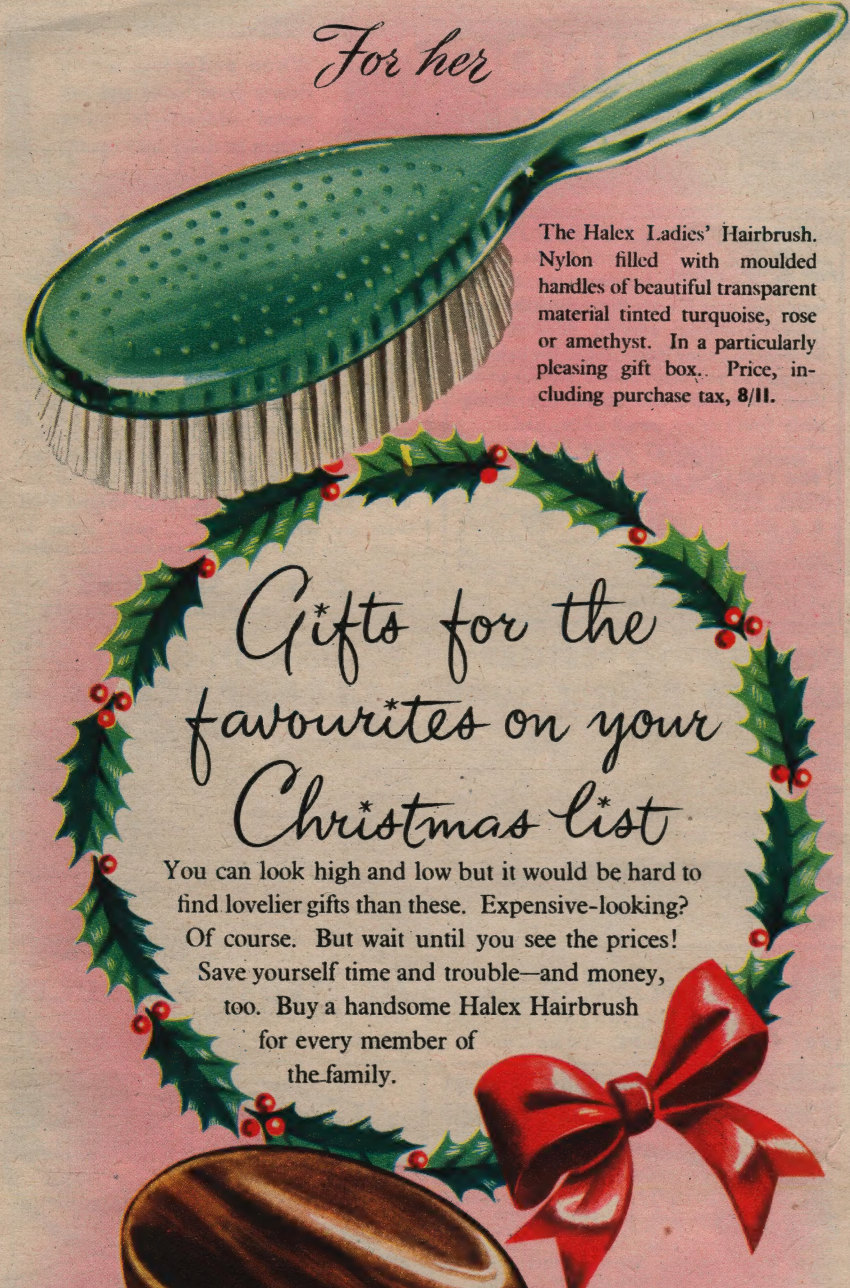

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The Halex Ladies' Hairbrush. Nylon filled with moulded handles of beautiful transparent material tinted turquoise, rose or amethyst. In a particularly pleasing gift box. Price, including purchase tax, **8/11.**

Gifts for the favourites on your Christmas list

You can look high and low but it would be hard to find lovelier gifts than these. Expensive-looking? Of course. But wait until you see the prices! Save yourself time and trouble—and money, too. Buy a handsome Halex Hairbrush for every member of the family.

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A pair of Halex Military Brushes, just the drill to keep his hair well disciplined and fighting fit. With handsome tortoiseshell-grain or ivory-white backs in a splendid gift box. Concave backs with nylon: price, including purchase tax, **35/-** the pair.

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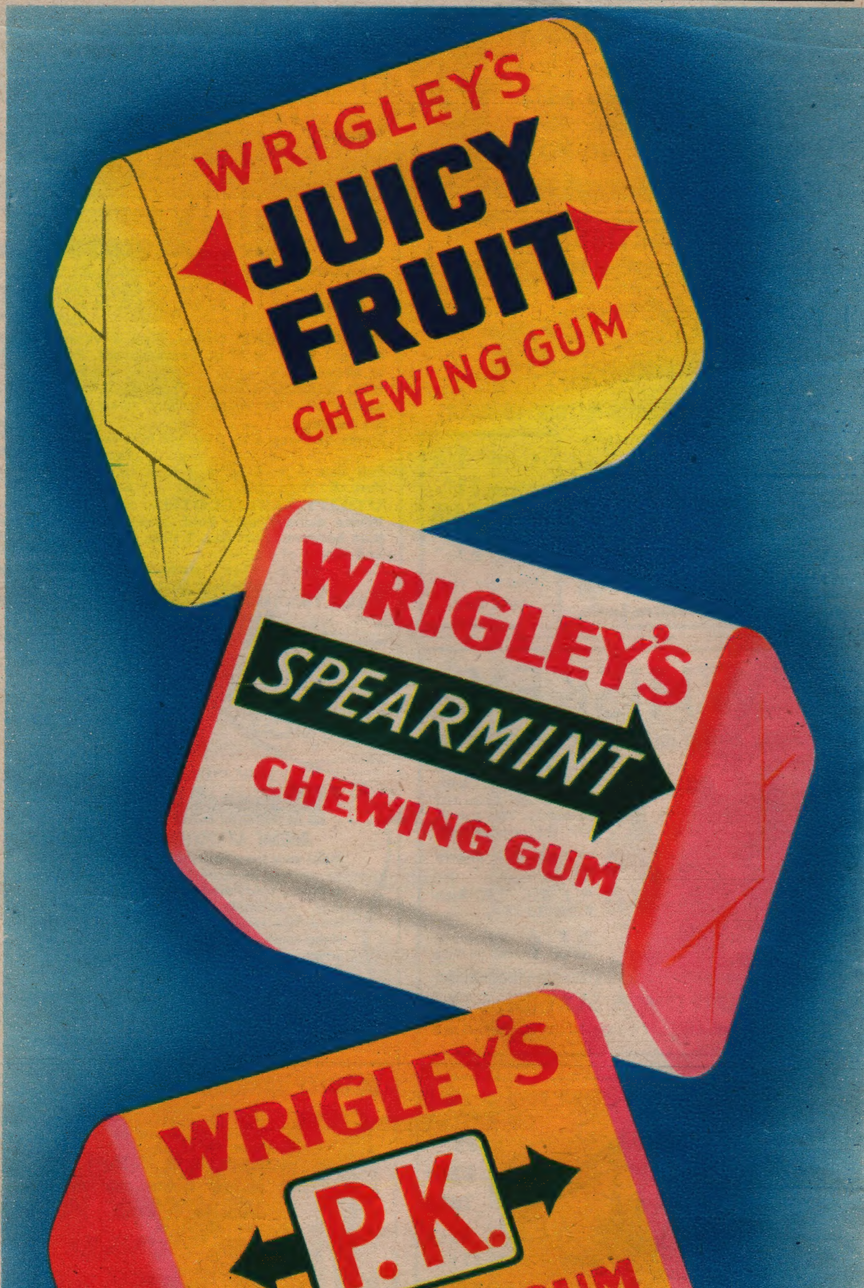
YOU'LL FIND THEM AT CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS AND TOILET-GOODS COUNTERS



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